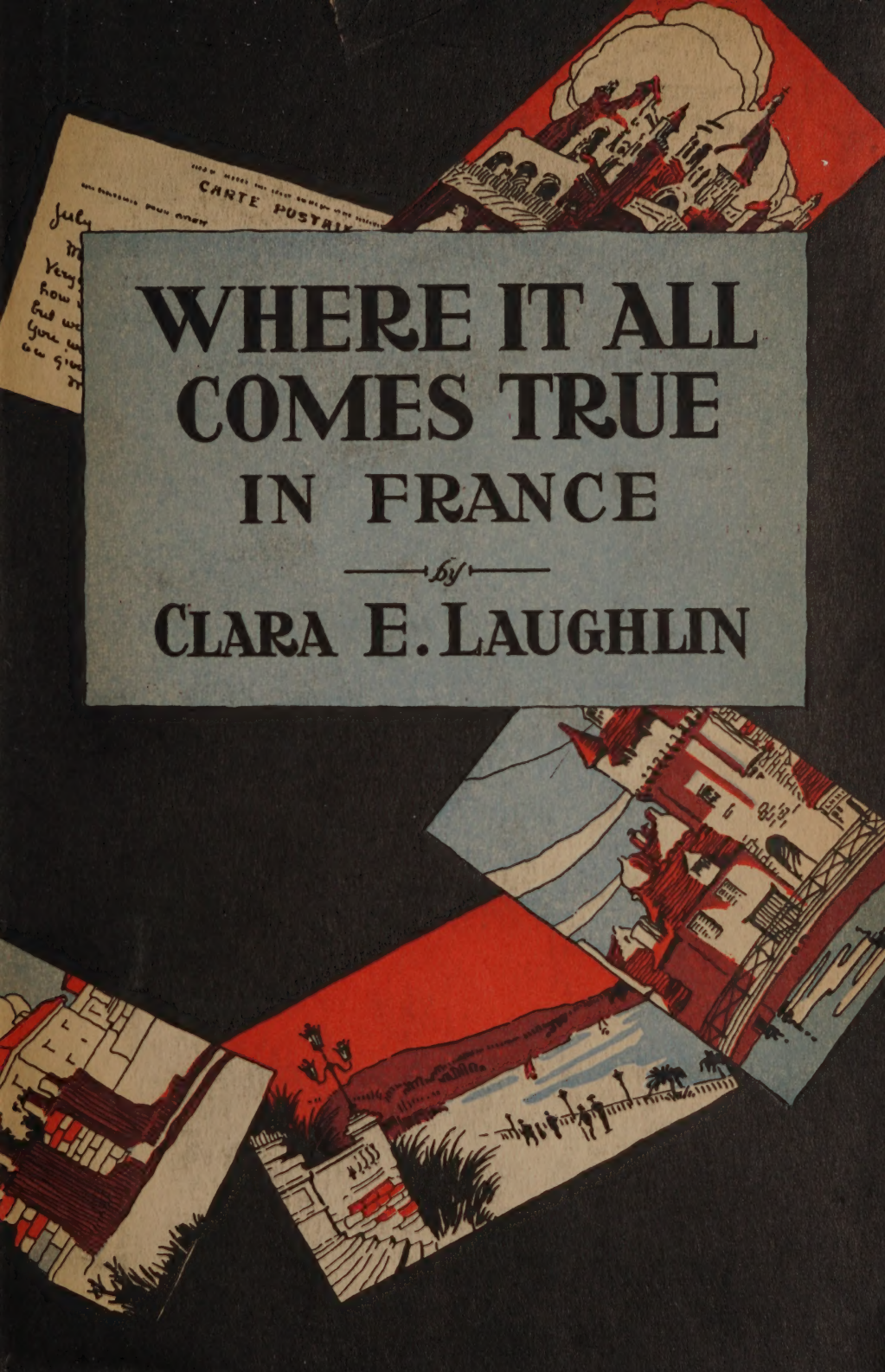

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN FRANCE

by

CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

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WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE

By

Betty *and* Mary Clara Laughlin,
with the help of their aunt,
Clara E. Laughlin

AROUND the actual travel experiences of her nieces, who have accompanied her on her journeyings about Europe, Miss Laughlin, author of the famous So You're Going series, has woven a narrative that meets the demand for travel books for young people better than anything else yet published.

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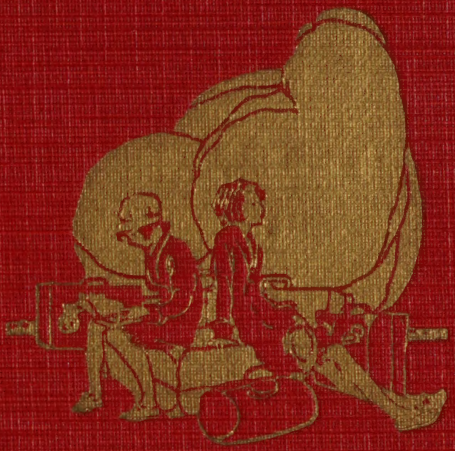

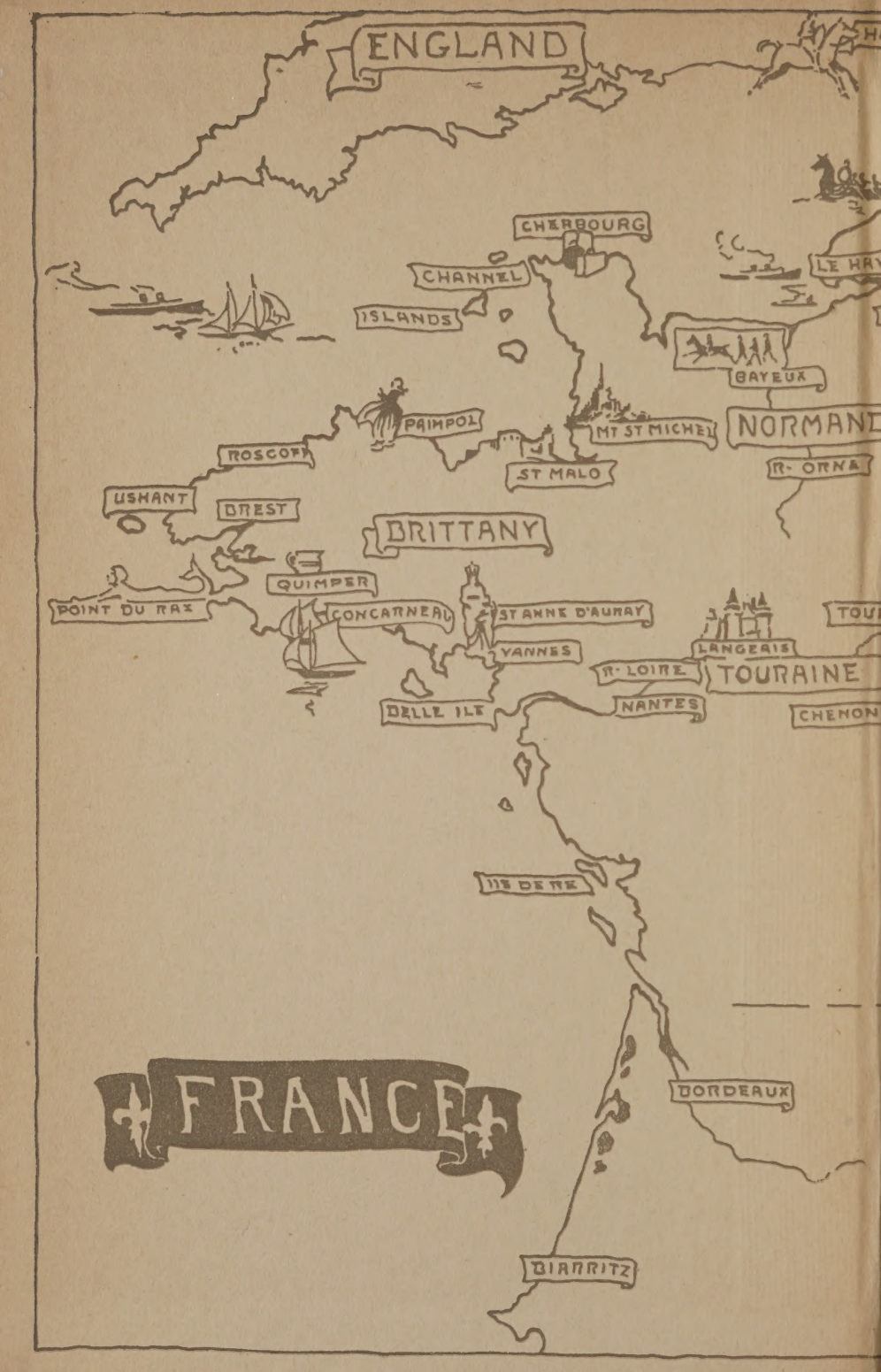
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WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN FRANCE

A FÊTE AT CONCARNEAU

Where It All Comes True In France

The *Experiences* and *Observations* of
BETTY and MARY
as related by their Aunt
CLARA E. LAUGHLIN

With Illustrations by
DECIE MERWIN

Boston and New York
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INTRODUCTION

In case this should be the first volume of ours you have had, we think we ought to tell, as we did in the one on Italy and Switzerland, that we are two little girls, eleven and thirteen, who made our first trip to Europe when we were ten and twelve. We went with our Auntie, who has written ever so many books, and a number of them are about travel in Europe. Lots of people asked her to write some books for children that would be about Europe the way she has been telling it to us since we were *very*, very young. And she said she could do that only by taking us over and seeing what we really liked.

Some of Nannie's friends (we have always called our auntie 'Nannie') thought she was kind of crazy to go over with two children, and no one to help her. But she thought it would be all right; and it certainly was!

Before we started, and when we were going, we'd talk and talk things over. And Nannie said that she wanted us to have the very best and happiest time in Europe that two children could possibly have. But she wanted us, while we were having it, to keep thinking, as much as we could, about making our good times and wonderful experiences interesting and helpful to children at home.

And now, to tell you something about the way these books of ours are written.

Nannie says there are lots of books about Europe written for young readers by grown-ups, and describing for children what the grown-ups think is important for them to know about things over there. So she thought we ought to try to do ours a little different, and make it two *children's* account of what they saw and did over there, so other children can decide if those are the things they'd like to do, too.

She wanted these books to be *from us, to you;* for she says she could write them only that way. But of course we don't want any one to think that we did the actual writing of the books (that would be trying to deceive you, if we made you think so), instead of *living* the books with some one who knows how to write what we think and feel.

Our first book was about Italy and Switzerland. The second one was about Norway, Sweden, and Denmark. This one is about France. The next will be one on Great Britain. Soon we hope to do one on Germany and Austria, and one on Holland and Belgium. And one on Eygpt and the Holy Land and Greece. And one on Spain and North Africa. And then one on Around the World! By that time we'll be almost grown up; but we think we'll keep on feeling pretty much the same about our travels; because Nannie is grown up, and has travelled a lot, and she keeps on feeling very much the same about things as she did when she was about our age — which is why it is easy for her to write our books with us.

That's about all, for Introduction.

BETTY *and* MARY CLARA LAUGHLIN

CHICAGO, 1928

WHERE IT ALL COMES TRUE IN FRANCE

Where It All Comes True In France

CHAPTER I

GETTING TO FRANCE

FRANCE was our first foreign country; and *that* was thrilling! Then, we had been wishing and wanting to go to France (particularly Paris) ever since we can remember, and had 'played going,' in a game, and 'told it' in just about hundreds of stories. And besides all this, we were Adventuring — and you know how that makes you feel!

There was just one thing about it all that we didn't like; and that was leaving our ship. We had enjoyed the voyage so; and everybody was so good to us. We soon found out that we were going to feel that way every time we had to make a change from one place to another: we never wanted to go; we were always leaving kind friends behind; we were always sure that 'the next place' couldn't be as lovely as the place we were in. But it *was!*

We landed at Cherbourg, which is on a kind of big cape, eighty-three miles across the English Channel from Southampton, in England. Cherbourg is in the part of France called Normandy, where William the Conqueror came from, and so

did Charlotte Corday, and Millet who painted 'The Angelus.' Maybe when you land at Cherbourg there'll be a big dock that the ships go up to; because they are talking about building one. But when we landed there, they were still coming quite a way out beyond the harbor, to take passengers and trunks and mail off, on small steamers called 'tenders.'

Our big ship stopped, very early in the morning, around six o'clock or so; and our stewardess came to wake us — but we were awake and looking out of the portholes of our room, to see France! Everybody who was going to Paris had to have breakfast about 6.30 and be off the boat about 7.30, because at 8 she was going to steam off again, to Southampton, where her dock is, and where the people get off to go to London.

(You know you always call a ship 'she.') Once upon a time, Nannie was crossing on a very big ship, and there was a little boy about six on board and his sister who was about eight. He called the ship 'he' and insisted that such a big ship *must* be 'a he.' But Sister said No. One day he went in the barber shop on the ship, where there were a lot of things to sell, and bought a ribbon band for his cap. On it was 'R.M.S. Olympic.' He asked the barber what that meant, and the barber told him Royal Mail Steamship. So he rushed out on deck where his sister was, shouting, 'I *told* you this one was a *male* ship!'

France looked green and spring-like, from the ship, a mile or so out from the shore; but we couldn't tell much about it from that far away.

What interested us most was the boats coming out to meet us. It was hard to take time for breakfast; there was such a lot to see.

PIRATES!

Nannie said that one of the boats that was coming from the shore was full of Pirates! And *that* was the boat we had to get on! She said that one of the Pirates would grab all our belongings

(except our trunk, which was checked through to Paris) and run away with them, and take them to an Ogre, very fierce and terrible. And if we got anything away from the Ogre, the Pirate would try to take it from us before the train left. And she told us if we'd watch some of the people who had sailed the sea with us, and sat on deck reading Adventure stories, we'd find out that they wanted all their Adventure done for them by characters in books; and when they themselves went travelling, they wanted everything to be just like they were used to having it at home — and when it wasn't, they'd get mad.

So we had *two* kinds of fun to keep us busy!

The first boat that came out to us had French doctors on it. They had to come on board our ship and find out from our ship doctors if anybody had a disease that was catching. If anybody *did*, they might not let any of us land; for fear we'd be coming down with it, and give it to other people in France. *That's* kind of exciting! Because there *might* be somebody on a big ship like that who had a disease that's catching! (Only, it seems, there just about never *is!* The ocean's such a healthy place.)

The boat that came out to get the hundreds and hundreds of sacks of mail we had brought for France and other countries on the Continent had letters on it for us and other passengers; and Paris newspapers, all in English; and everybody was running around seeing what there was for *them*.

Then, pretty soon, we all had to get in lines at the doors of the big lounge (which holds hundreds

of people at a time) and have our passports in hand, and pass before French officials who see if our passports have a stamp on them that's called a 'visa' and means that some French consul in the United States thought we were the kind of people it would be all right to let into France. They began doing this in War times, when countries had to be as particular as they could about who got into them. In peace times it's a lot of nuisance and expense.

Well, the first Frenchman who greeted us didn't give us any idea how very, very much we were going to love the people we met in France. The man who looked at our passport didn't say a word — just stamped it. He acted as if he thought it was an awful nuisance, and he would much rather have stayed in bed. When he stamped our passport, to show that we could get into France, and gave us some landing cards, then we had to say more good-byes to people on the ship, and go off (through a big door that's opened only to let you on and off) down a steep gangplank, to the deck of the tender where the Pirates are. The other name for Pirates is porters. They wear blue blouses, with numbers on them; and they keep yelling things that most of the passengers can't understand. It *could* be orders to 'Scuttle the ship!' or 'Walk the plank!' or 'Take 'em to the galleys!' But it is only calling out their numbers, or something like that. (People used to forget the number of their Pirate; so now the Pirate gives you a little check with his number on — and you *can't* lose him!)

Our belongings were grabbed by a Pirate, and away he ran. We couldn't follow him; we had to move with the crowd, and show our landing tickets. It was slow going; but we could amuse

ourselves by hearing some of the passengers *fuss*. One lady had kind of hysterics because she was sure she would never see her suitcases again. A man asked her if she ever lost sight of her baggage when she was travelling in America. She said, 'Of course!' and he said, 'But you sometimes get it back?' And she gave him what's known as 'a dirty look.'

The Pirate carries your bags into the custom-house where there is a very long narrow oval with

counters surrounding it, and inside the oval there are Ogres. They are Ogre-ish because they have to spend most of their time in a pen like that pawing through people's 'un'erwears.' If you have a naturally mean disposition you might enjoy making people scared and uncomfortable, and doing it all day long every day. But if you don't enjoy it, it must get on your nerves.

The French Ogres are not really bad at all; but it's fun to pretend that they're *going* to be terrible, and that the reason you got by yours so easily was because you had a secret charm or a talisman, or something. Nannie says that some travellers have a thing like that. She wouldn't tell us what it is, but said we should watch people travelling, and see if we could find out why some of them seem to have troubles and grievances all the time, and others hardly ever have any. She said if we watched closely, we'd catch the happy travellers working their charm, and find out how they do it. And the first one of us who found out would get a prize.

We looked hard, in the Ogre house; but we couldn't see anybody doing anything that might be working a charm.

Our Pirate put our bags on the counter, all in a row, ready to be opened for the Ogre. The Ogre asked Nannie if she had anything to 'declare.' That means, anything you're not supposed to take in without telling about it and paying duty on it. And she said, 'No, M'sieu.' Then he asked her if she knew what the things are that have to be declared. And she said, 'Oui, M'sieu.' He handed

her a printed list of those things, so she could be sure. It was printed in English. We didn't have any of them, except a few candies — chocolates; not enough to matter. So he looked at all our bags and picked one that he wanted opened. Nannie opened it, and he took one little look, she closed it, and he made a mark on all our things that showed we could go out, and take our belongings. You couldn't say he was a *nice* Ogre; but he certainly wasn't a mean one.

Then we had to get by another one, with more showing of passports. And soon we got out to where our train was standing — three long sections of it — ready to take hundreds of passengers to Paris.

You buy your train tickets on the ship, and have seats reserved, and get little cards with your seat numbers on; so you know just where you belong — same as when you have your little Pullman tickets at home.

We showed ours to the Pirate, and he stowed away our bags and suitcases in the racks above those seats. He seemed so nice, we couldn't imagine why anybody would call him a Pirate. He was old, but strong as an ox; he put a heavy leather strap through the handles of all our bags, and slung them over his shoulder as if they were a string of balloons. We thought he was quite wonderful. And then — ! All of a sudden, we saw him turn right *into* a Pirate!

Nannie gave him some money for carrying our bags — which one always does, of course — and it was a little *more* than plenty, because when he

got through helping us it was probably too late to get another passenger to help; and what we gave him might be all he'd earn that day, unless there was another ship. He carried four suitcases and a hat-box for us, and we each carried a small bag for ourselves. Nannie gave him fifty francs, which was nearly two dollars, or almost forty cents in our money for each piece. He began to kind of whine that it was 'not enough.' And Nannie told him it was far *too much*, but that she gave it to him anyway because she wanted to see if there wasn't *one* porter at Cherbourg that knew how to behave when he was *very* well treated. She didn't get cross, or anything. She just smiled at him as if she knew a lot about Pirates. And he was the maddest Pirate we ever saw — until we looked around, and saw that everybody's Pirate was mad, too; and all of them were kind of snarling or whining or muttering something about 'not enough.' And nearly everybody was mad at *them*. It was comical!

When Nannie was a very small girl travelling in Europe, Grammie used to buy books to read aloud to her at bedtime. And one of them (which disappeared, long ago, so they can't find it to prove anything by) Nannie says (teasing Grammie) was full of stories of children who began their dreadful careers by biting their nails or leaving their overshoes where they didn't belong; and they all ended up by being hanged from a yard-arm, or something like that. Grammie says she *knows* she would never have bought or read such stories. Nannie claims she can remember them

all, vividly. They call it 'the little green book,' because it had a dark-green cover; and they have lots of fun about it; and we do, too, because Nannie's always making up stories like those, to tell us — stories about girls who began their careers of crime by leaving their handkerchiefs lying about, or not knowing where they put their purses, and ended by being bandits or something like that. She laughs when she's fooling. But we usually 'take the hint,' and she says that's all any one could ask of a moral story.

When we saw how the Pirates behaved, we were kind of disgusted, because we had always heard how kind and *polite* French people are.

So Nannie said that when a little boy in France isn't as courteous as he ought to be, his mother says to him: 'Do you want to grow up to be a Pirate at Cherbourg?' And, mostly, that makes him start behaving nicely, right away. But if it doesn't ——! If he goes on and on, being greedy and rowdy-ish, before he knows it, he's 'a porter at a port — yo! ho!' Of course, we knew she was making it all up as she went along. But what we were waiting for was to see where little *girls* come in — little girls who leave hankies lying 'round. And, goodness! we almost hate to tell you: they *get married* to Pirates! And, no matter what they cook for their Pirates, or sew for them, or clean for them, all they ever get is 'Not enough! *Not* ENOUGH! Not ENOUGH!!!' Yessir! although they started out believing they would wed a Prince charming, a Pirate is their fate.

'FRANCE IS A FAIRY-TALE LAND'

There was one more thing we wanted to know, and that was why France kept Pirates at her ports where people are coming in to visit her. And Nannie gave one of her comicallest and most despairing looks.

'You!' she moaned. 'That *you* should ask me that! Don't you know, after all these years of hearing about it and reading about it, that France is a fairy-tale land? And did you ever hear of a story-castle, or an enchanted wood or garden, or anything that was perfectly marvellous when you got inside, that didn't have dragons guarding it, or sentinels, or ogres, or witches, or something? What *fun* would it be to get in, if you could walk right in without a shiver or a thrill?'

'But *every*body gets in!' we objected.

'Yes — they all *seem* to! But haven't you noticed the difference?'

We hadn't; but we started to see if we *could*.

It wasn't so very hard to tell the difference; it's just like any other magic thing: you can be *in* it; but if you don't know the secret, you might as well have stayed outside. Sometimes people learn the secret after they've been inside for a while. And sometimes they never learn it at all.

Yet it's such a simple secret! You don't need anybody to tell it to you; you learn it for yourself, if you want to Discover! Discoverers are always looking for something precious — aren't they? Something that makes life more interesting and more wonderful for themselves and for other people. You wouldn't call any one a Discoverer

who was looking for something to fuss about — would you?

Well! we soon learned to tell the Discoverers, who had the secret, and who were finding lovely things all the time, from the Fussers who went over the same ground and never found anything at all but things to criticize and complain about.

In the custom-house, on the train platform, in the train — everywhere — you could tell which was which, very quickly. And, after that, all the way along, wherever you go, some people couldn't be better labelled if they wore a big 'sandwich' sign saying: 'I'm here to fuss!' And others couldn't be easier to 'spot' if they wore an equally big sign saying 'I'm looking for treasures — and finding them!'

This was the secret we had to find out, to get a prize. And as we found it out together, we both got a prize as soon as we reached Paris and could buy one — no, *two!*

It was nearly ten o'clock when we were ready to leave Cherbourg. And at four o'clock in the afternoon we arrived at Paris.

The ride is a beautiful one, through country that looked like thousands of pictures that had escaped from their pegs in galleries, and from their gilt frames, and were enjoying themselves in the sunlight where they were painted.

Such apple-blossoms! And lilacs! And little stone houses with gardens full of flowers! And churches with pointing spires! And so on. And the towns we went through were nearly all story-towns, of course; because almost every place in

France has stories to it. There was Bayeux, where the embroidery is on which Matilda worked the story of William's conquest of England. And there was Caen, where she and William are buried, and where Charlotte Corday came from. And so on, all the way to Paris.

And then, one of us caught sight of the Eiffel Tower soaring up in the golden sunshine, and we nearly fell out of the car window in our excitement.

We were in Paris!

CHAPTER II

PARIS — AT LAST!

THE other day an editor asked Nannie to write an article for his magazine, telling what people could see in Paris who have only five days to stay there — which is about as long as many travellers have. And she asked each of us to make a list of places to be *sure* and see, and things to be *sure* and do. She made a list, too; and so did Grammie; and we got some more people to, who know Paris very, very well. It was fun! And then, we talked them over, to see what everybody had put in.

So, when we were getting ready to write about Paris in this book, we made some more lists, for a longer stay; because we hope none of the children who read this will have to leave Paris after only five days. A month in Paris just goes galloping. You can't think where it went to. We hope to spend at least a month in Paris every year of our lives; and we wish we were like pussy-cats, and had *nine* lives!

You should see the lists we made for you — for this book! And then we had to decide if we'd try to mention all the places we think you'll love to see, and not say much about any one of them; or mention fewer places and have a little more room to tell stories about them the way we did when we were seeing them.

It was awfully hard to choose! We love the stories so! But we couldn't bear not to tell you

about all our favorite places; and we finally chose to do that.

Then we had to think if you might like them put down just as we happened to remember them, or as we saw them; or if it might be more useful to you to have them sort of classified.

We pretended that we were children who had never been to Paris and wanted to know what there is in Paris that we would love to see, and *do*. We know that children don't like an awful lot of regular sight-seeing, as some grown-up travellers do. We have even met, since we came home, children who don't care to go to Europe, because they think it's all museums and churches and art galleries! And they want to have fun when it's vacation time.

So we decided to tell *first* about the kinds of *amusements* we had in Paris, and you can have there. And after that, we'll tell you about some of the famous places that we're sure you'll love to see — especially if you'll go to only one of them in a day, or even one every other day.

Paris is more full of amusements than any other city in the world. And though you don't hear so much about them for children, *we* think it's a children's paradise.

First of all, let us tell you some of the outdoor things there are to do:

EATING IN PARIS!

To begin with, there's eating! People in Paris love to eat out of doors, and we began doing it right away, and were always finding a new kind

of outdoor place to eat. Maybe that's why we ate so much and grew so big.

Wherever you eat in Paris (if you go all around, the way we did) it's always an interesting Adventure and just like being in a story-book. But of course the outdoor places gave us the biggest thrills — except a few, that were indoors.

Our very first Paris meal was dinner at the Bœuf à la Mode — because that is where Nannie always goes first; and then goes as often as she can afterwards. It is indoors, but we loved it. It is full of stories — of history — and we never ate such good food; and we liked M. Charles, the manager, just heaps; and after dinner we went over into the Palais-Royal Gardens, across the street, and talked about Camille Desmoulins and Charlotte Corday and Napoleon and other people, till we could almost see them there, in the twilight, under the arcades where the shops are — where *they* once-upon-a-time were.

That was Friday. Saturday was our first whole day in Paris. We were pretty busy, and the places we ate at happened to be indoor ones — but very interesting, too.

Sunday was the first day of May, which is Labor Day in Europe; and there were no taxicabs running, and very few things of any sort to ride in. So we started out to walk — which we love to do in Europe, where there is so much to see.

We walked up to the Champs-Élysées (which means The Elysian Fields); and all along the avenue our hotel is on, and up the Champs-Élysées, the chestnut trees above our heads were

white with blossoms. Paris streets, many of them if not most, have beautiful trees. At the Round Point where our avenue and a number of others run into the Champs-Élysées, there are fountains with water that doesn't just drip down like lots of fountains do, but leaps into the sunshine in a glad kind of play that makes you glad, too. Most all the Paris fountains are like that — leaping and gay. And nearly everything in Paris has a way of making you feel glad. It is so very, very beautiful, and it seems to say to you that it is there to be enjoyed, so come on and *do* it.

The Champs-Élysées (which you pronounce something like Shongs-el-e-*zay*) is a very wide avenue with three traffic lanes, a centre one for fast-going automobiles which are like expresses, except at the crossings where they are signalled to stop; and two side lanes for carriages and cars in not so much of a hurry. There are not many carriages in Paris — just a few very fine ones that some wealthy people prefer to automobiles, and some little, horse-drawn taximetre cabs like what used to be known by the name of phaëton, or a small-sized 'victoria'; these cabs are called fiacres, and are nearly always driven by fat old men who wear oilcloth 'top hats.' We love riding in fiacres; they jog along so nice and slow, and you can see everything. When it rains they can pull up a hood to cover you.

Well, that Sunday morning there were not any fiacres or motor taxicabs, and the Champs-Élysées looked very different from what they usually do. The fountains were leaping up and

down, there were beds and beds of lovely spring flowers, and lots of people were out walking.

When we stand at our corner and look up and down, it is certainly thrilling. Behind us (we see it plain from our hotel windows) is the Eiffel Tower, shooting up into the sky, so tall and delicate-looking — not solid, like our tall buildings, but lacy, so you can look through it and see sky; which is very lovely to do. And in front of us, up on the hill they call Montmartre because that is where the first Christians of Paris were martyred, is the huge white Turkish-looking church that looks as if it had come out of the Arabian Nights and was visiting Paris on a magic carpet — because, mostly you don't see what it stands on, and you could almost think it was suspended in the air. Then, on our right, we look down the Champs-Élysées which has ever-so-many avenues of trees, and lots of beautiful playgrounds for children; and hundreds of benches and chairs for people to sit on and watch all that's happening; and many grand restaurants, where you can eat indoors or out under the trees; and theatres; and merry-go-rounds; and puppet-shows; and donkeys to ride; and goat-carriages; and 'teeter-totters'; and sand-pits for babies to play in; and booths that sell toys. One end of this great Play Avenue is at the immense space called the Place de la Concorde, where the guillotine used to stand in the days of the French Revolution; it has an Egyptian obelisk in it now, and many statues and fountains; and on the other side of it from where the Champs-Élysées runs into it

are the wonderful Tuileries Gardens, stretching on and on till they reach the palace of the Louvre. That's a view that you always think about after you've been in Paris. It 'takes in' so many of the things that make up Paris: trees and flowers and fountains; and children playing, and grown folks watching the world go by; and marvellous places to eat; and theatres; and three magnificent buildings that are art galleries — two of them all the time, and the other one part of the time; and many places where things happened, in history or in story-books. It's just thrilling! We went up and down there several times a day for five or six weeks (all together) and we never got so used to it that it didn't thrill us.

THE UNKNOWN SOLDIER

On our left, as we stand at our Champs-Élysées corner (which is called the Round Point)

the avenue climbs a quite decided hill or 'rise,' at the top of which stands the superb Arch of Triumph with the Unknown Soldier lying underneath it, and the Eternal Torch burning beside him. You never go by there (as we did so often) without looking to see who's standing there (the men bareheaded) and thinking that maybe they had a soldier whose grave isn't known, and they must be wondering if he is the one who lies beside the Torch.

On that beautiful, bright, warm May day Sunday morning, we walked up the avenue toward the Arch (we had visited the grave of the Unknown Soldier the very day we got to Paris), and after a while we turned up, north, through some streets that have fine hotels on them, and apartment houses, towards a section of Paris where there are many elegant homes and the prettiest park anybody ever saw, or played in: the Parc Monceau. It is played in a great deal, by children who live around there; and we went to watch them.

French children are so cunning! They are usually quite tiny compared to American children of the same age; and their mammas dress them too prettily for words — not many clothes on! and never fussy ones; always duds they can play in, even when they're extra-special dressed up for Sunday; but somehow they all look as if they had come tumbling out of the prettiest colored picture-books you can imagine. And everybody in France acts as if babies and small children were the loveliest things in the world. They all seem

pleased-to-pieces with their own babies, if they have any, and almost as pleased with everybody's babies.

French men are wonderful with little children. They seem to know just how to play with them, and to be so happy doing it.

The children of wealthy families often have nurses who came from Normandy or Brittany or some other 'province' of France, and wear the peasant costume and cap (the caps are marvellous) of their native place. They look so picturesque! And they look, too, as if they were very good nurses — as if they know very well what little folks should do, and how they should behave, and know lots of fine old stories to tell them, and old French nursery songs and games to teach them.

Sometimes at home we play, in the fine park that's across the street from our house, with the small children who are there with their nurses. And, mostly, the nurses don't seem to know any interesting things that they can teach the children; they act as if it was enough for them to see that the children don't get stolen or hurt.

On Sunday mornings there are lots of papas in the Parc Monceau, and we liked watching them with their children, and seeing the nurses, and most of all we liked the children themselves. So we stayed around up there, in the sunshine, till we got hungry.

It was quite a walk from there to our hotel or any of the places where the restaurants are that Nannie knows most about. But she said we'd

just walk along, after leaving the park, till we came to a restaurant that looked pretty good. So we did. And we ate our first meal on the sidewalk!

That is, not exactly the sidewalk where people have to walk (though they do *that*, in many

places!), but between the walk and the building, where there was a screened-off space made by setting out close-together green-painted troughs with evergreen trees or bushes in them; and an awning overhead. In this kind of picnic-fashion we had our very good luncheon, peeking through the bushes out on a broad, busy street — and yet we felt as 'larky' and 'vacationy' as if we had been far away in some little French town like one

of those the nurses might have come from in Brittany or Normandy.

Paris is like that! It is a very big and busy city; but it is just full of places that people can drop into or get to in a few minutes and have all 'the feel' of a small, 'neighborly' town; and full of outdoor places; and so on.

THE PUNCH-AND-JUDY SHOWS

We had a good lunch and a good time, and then we strolled on, back towards the Champs-Élysées — past the President's palace, with the sentries on guard, and over to the puppet-shows (or Punch-and-Judy shows, as we call them) which have been set up on the Avenue Gabriel (behind the Élysée Palace, where the President lives) ever since the days when Marie Antoinette was alive.

We sat out there, under the fine old trees, on the benches beside French papas and mammas and grandpas and grammas and their children, and saw three shows, one after another and all different. And it cost the three of us for three shows, nearly seven cents!

Then we stayed around in the parts of the Champs-Élysées that are fullest of children playing. And we watched the people buying stamps, for their stamp collections, from the men who carry assortments of them out near the puppet-shows on Sunday afternoons. French people love to *buy* out of doors, as well as to eat, and sit, and play. It seems as if you could buy almost anything you'd ever need or want without having to

go inside for it if you didn't want to. And that's another of the many things that make Paris so fascinating.

Pretty soon we were hungry again! We wanted sandwiches — and orangeade. So we went to another sidewalk place. The first and second ones we tried to get a table at, were jammed full — people had tables all the way out to the curb, leaving only a little 'lane' of sidewalk for folks to get through — and had so many people waiting for places that we thought we'd better go on, and find another. Which we did. In Paris you never have to go very far — and this is a good thing; for, besides luncheon and dinner, nearly everybody wants a place to go to in the afternoon around five o'clock, and a table to sit at where they can have a little something to drink and a bite of something to eat, and a *lot* of something to look at or to talk about — or both! And then, thousands of people want the same kind of place to spend a while at in the evening. Always outdoors, if possible! Lots of Parisians will even sit on sidewalks when it's raining, and they have a drippy awning over them; or when it's so cold they have to bring out charcoal heaters!

PICNICS

So, we began quite early in our stay to eat outdoors whenever we could.

Sometimes it was in beautiful and famous restaurants in the Champs-Élysées or out in the Bois de Boulogne (the great park) or at Versailles or Fontainebleau or Chantilly. Sometimes it was

on the Paris sidewalks, and then again it would be in the glorious French forests, like that at Compiègne, where Charlemagne used to have picnics, too — and we pretended he was having one near ours; and Roland and Oliver were there, and so were some emissaries from Haroun-al-Raschid, Caliph of Bagdad — the Arabian Nights one! And then, we seemed to hear a whirring overhead; and Nannie said it must be Guynemer, the marvellous French ace whose home was on the edge of that forest, with its ancient trees and echoes of great stories.

Guynemer is the only one who fought in the Great War who is commemorated in the Panthéon — France's Temple of Fame; and as he has no burial-place, it is beautiful to think of him as riding the air forever, and whirring in every wind that blows. He is almost as much a Knight of France, even now, as Roland is. You'll see his 'Old Charles' (one of his chase planes) at the Army Museum, near Napoleon's tomb; and recall him in many other places.

Be *sure* to have a picnic in the forest of Compiègne! And just as many others, in other French forests, as you possibly can.

One day, in Normandy, at the most fascinating place that ever was made into a roadside restaurant (it's called Bois-Joly) we ate out under the apple trees with the pinky blossoms drifting softly down on our bare heads. Oh! what fun we had that day!

And once we ate high up in a huge old tree (on a platform built in the spreading branches) at a

place called Robinson that is near Paris. It is full of trees with 'dining-rooms' in them. You must be sure to go there.

Our hotel in Paris has a lovely garden where we sometimes ate, beside a Pompeian fountain, with lots of flowers and fairy-like lamps, and music, and 'electric moonlight' if there wasn't any other kind!

Probably some grown-ups will smile, or even 'sniff' at us for starting out with so much about eating, instead of about the Louvre and Notre Dame. But that will be because they don't remember that eating is one of the principal interests of children, as it seems to be of most of the people in Paris.

What did we eat?

Oh, pretty much the same things we eat at home; not so many new kinds; and not many things that 'sound adventurous.' But they were certainly 'yummy.' We had the most delicious milk to drink — each of us a big bottle of 'certified,' sealed at the farm, and unsealed by us at the table. We had our breakfast cereals, same as at home, and all the sweet cream we wanted on them. (Some people think you can't get these things in Paris; but that's because they don't know where to look for them.) And we had quantities of lovely fruit, fresh and stewed; in France they call cooked fruits 'compôte.' And finest fresh vegetables, including peas and asparagus and green beans, and spinach — which we didn't like till we had it in France — and the best mashed potatoes in the world. Oodles of chicken,

and lamb chops that almost melt in your mouth, and juicy little tenderloin steaks, and the best soups anybody ever ate, and the finest fresh-laid

eggs; and everybody knows how good French bread and rolls are, and sweet, just-made butter; and we loved the cream cheese that's almost as delicate as charlotte russe. Awful good ham and bacon, too. Roast beef and lamb, but not so good as it is in England, nor at home. We liked sole, because all the bones were out and it's easy to eat. French melons and peaches were the best we ever tasted — and French strawberries are wonderful too; though Swiss strawberries were the most marvellous of all. But no raspberries are so fine as those in France, we think. Cherries are big and luscious, but not quite so fine as in Italy. There are lots of tomatoes, but not so big and firm as ours.

Probably you don't want a complete catalogue. The reason we put in so many things is because some people seem to think that when you are in Paris you mostly eat snails and frogs' legs and other things they might not like.

If your family is afraid to take you for fear the food won't be good for you, you can tell them that it's at least as good for children over there as it is at home, only —! you have to know a little about how to manage; because the regular table d'hôte meals as French people plan and serve them are not so much what American children are used to. But you can always get what you want, and many of the hotel-keepers are trying to learn what we like, so they can be sure to have it for us.

PARIS HAS THE MOST WONDERFUL PARKS

Paris has the most wonderful parks and public gardens anybody could imagine — acres and acres and acres of them, and all easy to get to and marvellous to play in.

Some of the biggest parks, like the Bois de Boulogne and the Bois de Vincennes, have so many different kinds of interesting things about

them that we could easily write a whole chapter about each of them. The Bois de Boulogne is a sort of world in itself. There are two great race courses in it, one on each edge — Longchamps, where the Grand Prix and other famous races are

run; and Auteuil. Both of these courses are laid around lovely green turf, and the grand stands are very handsome, and the grounds are beautiful with trees and flowers making the ladies' pretty dresses show off very well.

Then, there are splendid tennis courts out there, where championship games are played. And there are two lakes, with rowboats on, and one lake has two islands in it, one with a tea house on it. There are many parts of this park that are just like a forest. You turn off the main roads into smaller ones, and go a little way, and you could believe that you were many miles from a big city, instead of right in it. You can pretend almost anything, out there; and run and play and have heaps of fun. We loved it. There are fine bridle paths, too, and many riders. Sometimes you see Marshal Foch out there, riding, or Marshal Joffre; and your eyes almost pop out; you could hardly feel more thrilled if you met Napoleon galloping by.

Hundreds and hundreds of children play in that park — rich children with their nurses, and other children with their parents. It is a great place (like nearly every outdoor place in France) for families to go and enjoy themselves. We don't know any other park, anywhere, where so many kinds of people go to have good times. There are many famous restaurants out there, each in beautiful grounds of its own; and we used to eat in them, quite often. And there's a place called Bagatelle, with a fine house and gardens around it, where the roses are so fine that nearly every-

body in Paris goes to see them. The house and grounds belong to the park, now; but they used to be a private residence.

Then —! there's the part of the Bois that's called the Jardin d'Acclimatation, with a 'baby railway' running to it and round it; and everything in it that children love. You can ride on a dromedary or an elephant or an ostrich or a zebra. You can buy a rabbit or a pedigreed

puppy. You can drink warm milk fresh from the cow — and if you want to learn how to milk, they'll teach you. There are two riding schools, and a gymnasium. There's a sheepfold and an aquarium and a monkey house and a reindeer paddock. There are wonderful waffles to eat, and there are puppet shows and band concerts. And it's a fine place to learn about trees and plants.

Almost at the other end of Paris (the east end) is the Jardin des Plantes, or Garden of Plants (Botanical Garden), where there is another Zoo, and a fine museum of natural history, and lots of things for children who are studying about plants or animals or rocks or anything like that — besides a great deal that's just for amusement. And not far from there is another very big park where the Kings of France used to hunt, and where the one called Saint Louis (Louis IX) used to sit under an oak tree and let his people come to him and tell him how they were being treated. You see many pictures of Saint Louis, in the Panthéon and other places, and he's always coming up in stories about places like the Conciergerie and Sainte-Chapelle and Saint-Denis, and then down in the south of France; and you get very interested in him. He went on two Crusades, and didn't come back from the second one.

This park is the Bois de Vincennes, and the castle in it has been the scene of dozens of famous stories. Some of the Kings of France were born there, and quite a few died there; so did Henry V of England, and his wicked old mother-in-law, Isabeau of Bavaria, who was so hated by the

people of France that they wouldn't let her be buried beside her poor crazy husband that she was such a bad wife to — at least, they tried to keep her from it, but even when she was dead they were no match for her, and she got there anyway. Many famous personages were prisoners at that castle, and some of them were executed there. If you have read Dumas's thrilling novel, 'Marguerite de Valois' (one of the most exciting stories ever written, and one that does more than almost any other to make Old Paris interesting to you), you'll remember that this castle of Vincennes is where poor La Môle and Coconnas were tortured, and where Charles IX died, raving about the massacres his mother, Catherine de Médicis, had made him order — the massacres of the Protestants, on Saint Bartholomew's Eve.

The keep, or donjon, of Vincennes castle is the finest one left in France since the great keep at Coucy was blown up (or down!) by the Germans in the late war. You know how, in the 'once-upon-a-time' stories we're always reading about 'keeps' — and the exciting things that happened in them. And when you go out to play in the Bois de Vincennes, which is the biggest park in Paris, you can pretend that you're in stories of long ago, or you can watch the soldiers of to-day, drilling, or see sports exhibitions in the Pershing Stadium which the United States gave to France.

Other parks in Paris are the Buttes Chaumont and Parc Monsouris which are both very pretty but visitors don't go to them very often because they're in parts of Paris that visitors don't know

much about. Then, there's the lovely little park around the Trocadéro, where there's a cascade you can go under, and an aquarium; and there's a beautiful lot of playground across the river from the Trocadéro, around the base of the Eiffel Tower, and near the military school that Napoleon went to when he was fifteen, and where Foch was a professor and taught many French officers things that helped them a lot in the late war.

The very beautiful Park of Saint-Cloud is between Paris and Versailles; it belonged to the palace that was burned in 1870. We used to go out there often. And quite near it is the Bois de Meudon which is a simply perfect place to play. There used to be two castles at Meudon, but there's only part of one now. It was out there that Marie Antoinette's oldest little boy died, and she thought her heart was broken; but she must often have thought about him when she was in prison, and couldn't find out whether her other children were alive or what was being done to them; and then she must have thanked God that he took *one* little boy away just as all the terrible troubles were beginning. Maybe she wished that He had taken the other boy and girl, too.

WE HUNTED VIPERS!

Then, there's the forest of Marly and the park and forest of Saint-Germain; we had grand fun there. We went hunting — like they used to do in olden days. We hunted vipers!

It was Robert who taught us. He was our chauffeur — Robert Evrard — and we just love

him. We have almost never met a man who knew so much about playing with children, and who was so good to them, in his quiet, kind way. The very first day Robert drove us, we went to Fontainebleau; and when we got out, in the great forest, to play, Robert went with us. He said

there were vipers in the underbrush, and we must be *armed* for them! So he cut sticks for each of us, that had crotches in, to spear the vipers with; and showed us how to pin the viper down till he could get there to kill it. Were we *thrilled!* Well, we didn't catch any vipers; we never even *saw* one.

But we hunted them! At Fontainebleau and Marly and Saint-Germain and Compiègne and many other forests famous for hunting. And Robert was wonderful to go hunting with. He helped us find lovely wild flowers, and berries, and strange pieces of rock. And he seemed to have as much fun as we did, every time. He told us lots of interesting things, too. We used to sit up in front with him, and our idea of perfect bliss is to go riding about France with Robert 'for ever and for ever.'

Well, we're away *out* of Paris, and haven't told yet about three places right in the heart of Paris that are wonderful for children to play in. One is the Tuileries Gardens, that you go past or through many times every day when you're in Paris, and that are so full of stories, especially about the French Revolution, that you could sit down and hear about them for hours and hours. And another is the Garden of the Palais Royal, where Louis XIV and his brother used to play when they were little chaps, and where dozens of things happened that are in plays and stories. There are shops all around the garden, now, and arcades to walk under. It was there that Camille Desmoulins made the speech which got Paris stirred up to attack the Bastille; and that was the beginning of the French Revolution, although people had been thinking about it for a long time. Charlotte Corday bought her knife in a shop in the Palais Royal Garden — the butcher knife she killed Marat with — and Robespierre used to hang around there a lot. So did Napoleon, and Benja-

min Franklin, and John Howard Payne, who wrote 'Home, Sweet Home' there.

And lastly, there are the Luxembourg Gardens, which we've *kept* to the last, the way children do with the very best bite. We just don't know where to begin to tell about these gardens, which belong to the Luxembourg Palace that Marie de Médicis built, and that is now the French Senate. But if you haven't sat in the Luxembourg Gar-

dens or played in them for several hours at a time on more than one occasion, you simply haven't *been to Paris* — that's all!

We'd go on strolls all around that fascinating part of Paris; and then we'd go into the Gardens and rest ourselves and watch the people and tell

stories until we felt like getting up and playing, too. You can rent beautiful little sailboats to sail on the huge fountain; or you can swing, or play battledore and shuttlecock, or do other things. But what we liked best, after hearing the

stories that the statues and other things remind people of, was watching the little children play. We could sit looking at them, in that beautiful garden, for hours, and thinking how marvellous it was to be a child in such a place.

When we left, maybe we'd stop, near by, to see where D'Artagnan lived (in 'The Three Musketeers' — you know!) or the place where he won his place with the other three, fighting Richelieu's men. (There's a convent on that place, now, and it's the one that Josephine was imprisoned in and expecting to be guillotined, when she looked out and saw the old woman in the street shake her *robe* — dress — and stoop down and pick up a *pierre* — stone — and then make a sign of cutting her head off. And so Josephine knew that Robespierre was guillotined — and she was saved. She was to have died that day!) Or we'd go across the street to the Odéon, and see the house across the way where Camille Desmoulins lived; we've liked his story for a long time, though it's so very sad. And then maybe we'd eat in the Café Voltaire, down below Desmoulins' flat, and remember how Benjamin Franklin liked to eat there, and how — when he died — the café was draped in mourning. Franklin was a wonderful Good Will Ambassador, like Lindbergh, and they just went wild over him in Paris. They did over Paul Jones, too. The fashionable ladies, in the days when Marie Antoinette was young and gay, wore small frigates on their heads in honor of Jones, and a kind of 'lightning conductor' dress with a little steel point and two wires trailing to the ground, in

honor of Franklin. And there were hats and gloves and snuff-boxes and all kinds of things named for Franklin.

YOU MUST GO TO A FAIR

One time we ate at Café Voltaire, we were going to the Saint-Germain Fair, which is held every year in the big open square in front of the church called Saint Sulpice. Each year they build a little olden-time city there, with streets and shops and a theatre, and have a fair. They have been doing this for ages. Sometimes they make it look the way a city looked in the time of Louis XI. And again, it will look like the time of Louis XV, which was the way it looked when we saw it. The people dress in the costumes of those times, and you can imagine you are at a Fair of long ago. For France loves her fairs and keeps on having them. There is nearly always one going on in Paris or in a near-by suburb. And you must surely go to one, at least.

The people who 'follow the fairs' do it all the year round, and year in and year out; and probably their ancestors did it for ever-so-far back. There are lots of children in these fair families, and there has to be a school-teacher going about with them to teach them their lessons. We enjoyed, so much, wandering about, at fairs, and watching not only the things that people do when they're amusing themselves, but what the people do who live by amusing others, or by getting others to buy their wares. And we loved watching the children whose lives are spent in one fair after

another, where there are always pink pigs going round and round (on a merry-go-round) to the tune of the mechanical music-player; and rifles ping-ing as some one tries to shoot white paper rabbits that fly back and forth; and always some one throwing balls at the gaping mouths of *papier-maché* monsters; and others are racing little horses, or flocking around the dwarfs, or going in to look at some kind of monster or curiosity. It must be an exciting life for children to lead. But they don't look excited about it, though they seemed quite contented and healthy and not different from children we saw playing about in the country villages.

Fairs are fun. And riding on the river steamers is fun. And, oh, yes! we almost forgot to tell you about eating on the boat that's moored to the bank and named for Marshal Joffre. You must do that! And eat up in the Eiffel Tower, too!

THE CIRCUS

And, fairs put us in mind of circuses, which are very different in Paris from those we have at home. They are indoors, and there is no menagerie, no side-shows; and only one ring. But are they *fun?* You're so much closer to the performers than you are at home even if you sit in a box.

We had heard a lot about the famous clowns, the Fratellini, and one of us (the youngest) had three pearl ornaments stitched to a hanging ribbon on one of her new Paris dresses, that were heads of the Fratellini; so, of course we had to see

them — though we didn't believe they could be so much funnier than all the other clowns that we had seen. But they are! They made us laugh till we cried. And then, a man dressed just like the funniest Fratellini came jumping over the rail and up to see us and sell us some candy. He

talked English to us, and we said, 'We didn't know you *could!*' And he said, 'I *am* English!' and laughed at us for not knowing he wasn't the real Fratellini. Then he went on, selling candy, and talking French to the children around us.

Clowns are very interesting people. They have to think very hard to know what to do to make people laugh; and they have to work hard at it, too. There's a tiny little restaurant in Paris, in rue du Colisée, that was started by an English clown, and is run now by his widow. A good many of the clown's old friends, including some who are clowns now, go there to eat. And it's so

small that you can't help hearing them talk. Indeed, you can hardly help talking *to* them.

It might be that some one would say, 'Why waste time in Paris going to circuses and fairs and such places, when you can go to others of that sort at home?'

But that could only be said by some one who thinks you can learn about a country from looking at its art galleries, churches and things like that. We think that the reason many people don't get more enjoyment out of their travels in Europe is because they only see the same kinds of things in every place they go, and many of those are things they are not really and truly interested in, but only *trying* to be.

Sometimes you'll hear people say they wouldn't go to movies abroad (they are called 'cinemas' over there) because about all you seem to see over there is old American films. (This isn't true; there are very fine foreign films, too. We went to the Grand Opera in Paris, and paid opera prices, to see the Napoleon film that had just been made, and to hear a great orchestra play music to accompany it.) But they don't seem to realize how interesting it can be to sit in an audience of another nationality and (even if you can't understand what they're saying) sort of *feel* their attitude toward the story and the actors. They like Wild West pictures, and they probably think most Americans ride bronchos at home; just as we have queer ideas about French people, if we've only known them in plays.

One night they showed pictures of an American

lady, Mrs. Strong, who had just given a beautiful château and gardens and grounds and all that, to the poor French soldiers who were so mutilated that they have to be kept where people aren't shocked by seeing them. It was a splendid thing for her to do. She did it because she was so grateful that her dear son got safely home from the War. Well, that afternoon we had had tea with Mrs. Strong, also with the American gentleman who bought, for a thousand dollars, the cap that Lindy wore when he flew over the Atlantic, so Lindy could give the money to a hospital. We held the cap, and were thrilled. And we talked to Mrs. Strong. And then —! We went to a cinema and saw her walk right out on the screen.

We went to the opera in Paris, three times. After we got back from Italy, we could hardly wait to see and hear 'Romeo and Juliet.' We'll probably hear it a good many times in our lives; but we don't see how it can ever again seem as thrilling to us as it did when Verona was fresh in our minds, and we had left our cards in Juliet's tomb, and when (most of all!) we were just waking up to Shakespeare. We heard a perfectly magnificent performance of 'Carmen' at the Opéra Comique, when it seemed to us that we never once sat back in our seats — only on the edge — and we applauded till our hands ached; but so did everybody, and lots of them even stood up and hollered 'Bravo!' It was certainly exciting! And now, whenever we hear any of the familiar strains from 'Carmen,' it all comes back to us again, so vividly.

WE LOVED PARIS SHOPS, OF COURSE!

We loved Paris shops, of course! Nearly all kinds of shops, but especially the little ones, and most of all those where we could see things being made. There's a shop on the rue de Rivoli where you can see them making gloves. There's one we used to watch a great deal near a favorite restaurant of ours, where they make and carve meerschaum pipes. Antoinette Germain used to let us see her girls making beautiful artificial flowers copied from real ones. We liked the windows where you can stand and watch girls and women doing the marvellous mending called 'stoppage,' where they pull threads out of places that can spare them, and weave those threads into holes that have been torn or burned or eaten into garments; and when they are done, you couldn't tell, to save you, where the hole had been!

We adored the pet shops! Some for puppies and cats, and others for birds. And the Bird Market, over near Notre Dame, on Sundays! Be *sure* to go to that! It is one of the nicest places in Paris to get to feeling acquainted with the French people.

And of course you'll visit the Dogs' Cemetery on an island in the Seine, where there's a monument to Barry, the Saint Bernard who saved forty lives; and lots of other monuments to dogs that were dear companions.

The toy shops of Paris are fascinating; most of all, perhaps, one that's called 'The Blue Dwarf' (Le Nain Bleu) on the rue Saint-Honoré, and one that's on the rue de Rivoli. The dolls are marvel-

lous. (We got a Lindy doll that looks exactly like him!) And what we could never get tired of looking at was the teeny-tiny things for doll-houses — like tea-sets you'd think were made for fairies (and *by* fairies!) and wine glasses, and bottles, and flower-pots with china or glass flowers in — so

tiny you could hardly pick them up, and yet so perfect. Big people buy these for themselves more than for children. Some big people have a perfect craze for doll-houses and their furnishings. Queen Mary of England has, and all her friends know it and give her the most wonderful doll-house things they can find or have made for her. Even the

teeny-wee books in her doll-house libraries are really-truly books by great authors, and have book-plates in them to tell whose they are. We have one of those book-plates — but we promised never to tell who gave it to us!

We have begun to collect some teeny-weenies, and are very interested. Miss Alice Archibald, in Paris, is a friend of ours that has collected teenies all over the world, and she lets us play with hers when we go to see her. That gave us the idea of starting collections for ourselves. They don't take up much room in your luggage, nor when you get them home. And they're very easy to show people when you talk about your travels. And we'd love to be, when we're grown up, the kind of ladies that Miss Archibald and her lovely mother are, so that little folks could hardly think of anything nicer than being asked to our house to tea and to see our teenies and hear us tell about them.

There's a shop in Paris that's a kind of dolls' dressmaking shop, called La Semaine de Suzette, where you can get anything for your dolly that an up-to-date doll needs.

Oh, dear! there just isn't any place to stop telling about the amusement that Paris has in it for children — of all ages!

We haven't said anything about the tiniest 'shops' of all — which are little stalls along the quais or river embankments. Some of these sell old books, some sell old pictures — engravings and colored prints, and so forth — and some sell stamps. (Betty is collecting stamps.) Others sell old jewelry, and all sorts of things.

And, speaking of 'all sorts of things' reminds us of the Flea Market, on Sundays, up in Montmartre. It is like the Rag Fair in Rome, only even more interesting. Don't forget to go! You can buy anything there, from rusty nails to fine jewelry, and from broken watch-springs to sets of carved furniture. There are hundreds of old shoes, and stacks of awful old clothes, and there are fine brocades and pieces of tapestry and embroidered shawls. There's just everything!

We went with M. Menneret, who is a painter and has his studio up in Montmartre. He has bought some beautiful things at the Flea Market. But when he goes there hoping to buy, he puts on his oldest clothes and a battered hat and looks as 'trampish' as he can (which must be hard, because he's very distinguished-looking), so he can bargain better.

Now, these things are not half the fun there is in Paris for children. But we mustn't take room for any more.

We hope with all our hearts that when you get to Paris you'll not be with anybody who thinks you're not improving the opportunity unless you are learning what an *apse* is, or looking at a Rubens, or something like that.

There are so *many* sides to Paris! And all these things we have told you about seem to help us, when we read about Paris and try to realize what she is, just as the things do that we're going to tell you about next — the 'sights,' and the history they tell.

CHAPTER III

MORE ABOUT PARIS

We were going to call this part of our Paris description 'the other side of Paris,' or something like that — meaning the other side from just enjoying yourself. But when we come to put it down, we don't feel that it's exactly right, and what we mean. Because there wasn't really anything in Paris that we enjoyed more than the things we are going to tell about now. We love stories better than almost anything else in the world; and Paris is just one great, beautiful story-book. Every time you go on the simplest errand, you bump into a story.

We've tried to think what we can do, in a little part of a little book like this, to give you an idea what kind of a story-book Paris is; and we've chosen just a few places to tell about — a few that are like dozens more. If you stayed in Paris for a year and a day, or a thousand and one nights, or any other length of time you can think of that sounds romantic, you could go out and walk into a different and wonderful story that has more than enough in it to make a book about. But if you should be one of those who can stay only ten days or so, we think that these are among the places you'd like to go first:

Our very first whole day in Paris (we got there about four in the afternoon) was a Saturday. In the morning, Nannie had a lot of important busi-

ness things to do, and we went with her. Then, at noon, many places closed (pretty nearly everything in Paris closes every day from twelve to two) and wouldn't be open again till Monday; so we could take the afternoon for anything we liked that would help us begin getting better acquainted with Paris. And this is what we did:

We had our lunch at a place called Noël-Peters, on the Boulevard des Italiens. Do you know that *boulevard* is the word we get *bulwark* from? And that the original boulevards were fine, broad streets with trees planted on them, because they were made when the old walls of a city were taken down, and the moat filled in so the city could spread out and get bigger. Paris had one wall after another in a set of rings that got bigger and bigger as the centuries went on; it still has walls, because it's the greatest fortress on earth, but they are not the olden kind — they are earthworks, now, and children play on them, and mammas sit on their grassy slopes to sew.

Well, where the wall was that was taken down, in Paris, when Louis XIV was King (which was from 1643 to 1715 — think of it! — seventy-two years!) there is a ring of broad, shady streets that are called the 'Grand Boulevards,' and every little section of them has a separate name besides. There are many restaurants and cafés along these boulevards; the one we lunched at is in the middle of a thing called a 'passage' — a glass-roofed arcade of shops making a passage between two streets. Paris has a good many of these, and one of them is called Passage des Panoramas, because

it's on a spot where Robert Fulton had panorama pictures of Rome and Naples and Jerusalem on display, and earned the money he used for his experiments in making a boat go by steam. (We always hear about the Clermont on the Hudson; but we don't hear that, before that, Fulton was making steam drive a boat on the Seine, in front of where the Trocadéro stands now.)

A PLACE THAT'S FULL OF THRILLS

Across the boulevard from where we lunched (the boulevard is called Montmartre, there, although it's quite a long way from the hill named Montmartre) is the Musée Grévin — that's a kind of waxworks. We went there right after lunch. We had heard dozens of stories about it, so we knew what it was going to be like.

The first room you go into is full of funny mirrors — some that make you look as thin as a match and tall as a giant; and some make you look as short as a dwarf and as round as a barrel; and some make you have a head where your feet ought to be, as well as one on your shoulders, while another makes you look as if you had feet coming out of your neck. You laugh, in there, until you cry — and get weak. Then you go into a big hall where there are wax statues of famous people, most of whom are living. There's one of Lindy. And there's the President of France, and of the United States, and the Pope, and Mussolini, and so on. They are so lifelike they almost scare you; and pretty soon you feel that you can't tell the wax people from the real ones. You step

up to a policeman who seems to be on duty, and ask him where the Napoleon rooms are, and he doesn't answer. He's wax! Then you say, out loud, 'See how natural *that* one looks!' And it moves away!

There's a big room that shows Napoleon and Josephine having an evening musicale at their home, Malmaison (which you must be sure to visit), and every figure in it — all of them life-size, of course — was modelled, from portraits, under the direction of the man, named Frédéric Masson, who knew more about Napoleon than anybody else living when those figures were made. All the costumes are just like those the people at Malmaison really wore, and all the furniture is the way it really was. You feel exactly as if you were at the party!

Then you go out into a kind of dim little hall, and look into another room, copied from one that was far, far away from Malmaison: a room on a lonely island in the South Pacific. There's a strange-looking low, iron bed in it — the kind that generals sometimes slept on in their tents when at war — and on it is lying Napoleon, looking as he looked just after he died. The only other person in the plain little room is General Bertrand, who went into exile, of his own free will, to keep Napoleon company; and he's sitting on a chair with his arms stretched on the back of it and his head buried in them, weeping. You're just as if you had been on Saint Helena, at Longwood, and had tiptoed to the door of Napoleon's room and stood looking in on that lonesome

scene. And a big something comes in your throat, and hot tears into your eyes.

You see that scene, as if you had lived through it, when you are in the marvellous dome where Napoleon lies; and when you remember what he wrote in his will: 'I desire that my ashes may rest on the banks of the Seine, in the midst of that French people whom I have so dearly loved.'

When you turn away, you see a pedestal in the hall, with a bust of Napoleon on it. And beside it is standing an old, old soldier who may have been one of his grenadiers, like the two in Heine's poem that is Schumann's song we love so well and know by heart because we have a splendid phonograph record of it.

Downstairs is the Gallery of the Revolution, where you stand in dim corridors and look in on Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and their family in prison; on the Revolutionary Tribunal sitting in judgment on Madame Roland (this is a scene for you to recall when you go to visit the room where it all happened, and so much else besides); on Marat, dead in his shoe-shaped bath-tub (the actual one in which he died!) and Charlotte Corday under arrest, and every detail of the mean little room just as she saw it when she went there to kill him. There's Marie Antoinette in her cell in the Conciergerie, which makes you 'see' it much more vividly when you go there. And there's the poor little Dauphin in his prison, with rats running around. And so on. All so *real!*

There's another part, too, that shows the catacombs in Rome and how people lived in them and

died in them and were buried in them. And many, many more things. But it was the Revolution, and Napoleon, that we cared most about. And we can't tell you what this does to make you feel as if you had lived 'once upon a time' in history that has made exciting stories and pictures and plays, and you were sort of *back* in Paris, *re*-visiting it!

One of the next places to go, to get that feeling which makes the old stories so real to you, is (we think) the Panthéon.

A CHURCH THAT'S LIKE A PICTURE-BOOK

The Panthéon, which is up a broad, short street from one side, or corner, of the Luxembourg Gardens, stands on a little hill or 'rise' which you don't realize so much when you're right at it; but when you are a long way off and see the magnificent dome up above tree tops and house tops as if it were a throne that everybody has to look up to, it gives you one of those thrilly feelings that Paris is full of. Because the Panthéon, although it was built for a church, is now a kind of temple of 'the grateful country to her great men.'

A good many famous men of the last hundred and fifty years or so are buried in the crypt beneath the Panthéon: Rousseau and Voltaire, writers who had a lot to do with stirring people up to demand a French Revolution; and Victor Hugo and Zola, both of whom wrote in great sympathy for poor and suffering folks; and Rouget de Lisle, who wrote 'La Marseillaise'; and the heart of Gambetta, a grocer's boy from the south of

France who became a great patriot and orator, and who stood on the steps of this beautiful building and told Paris and France and the world that France had a new Republic — which is the one it still has. That was on the 4th of September, 1870, after the Emperor Napoleon III had lost the battle of Sedan, and his throne too, as his uncle Napoleon had lost all at Waterloo, fifty-five years before. All over France you find streets named Quatre Septembre, or Fourth of September; just as if we were to name streets Fourth-of-July Street.

The only man of all the great ones France has had in this century, whose fame is recognized, yet, in the Panthéon, is Guynemer, the young aviator that we'll tell you a little more about when we get to the Army Museum at Les Invalides. It is thrilling, though, to see the tablet to him in the Panthéon, and to think of what he means to the people of France and especially to the children. And most of all it was thrilling after our wonderful American boy flew over the Atlantic and showed not just that the ocean can be crossed by an airplane, but that courage and gallant deeds and high-hearted youth can be used for peace and good will as well as for war and destruction, and that people get more excited about it and more bound together in their admiration of the same fine things.

But what we want you to go to the Panthéon for, early in your Paris stay, is to see the paintings which tell about Paris of long, long ago. We loved these, and spent ever-so-long looking at them and talking about them.

There is Saint Denis being executed (beheaded) up on Montmartre, the Martyrs' Mountain. You're always seeing him in sculpture, holding his head in his hand, and you ought to know *why*. The story is that after his head was struck off by the Roman executioner (the Romans didn't want people to be Christians, because Christians worshipped Christ instead of Cæsar), he picked his head up and carried it till he met a pious woman who gave him a place to be buried. That place is where the great abbey of Saint Denis grew, later, and where the Kings of France are buried. We'll tell about it later. But Saint Denis is one of the people you need to know about, in Paris; and those pictures in the Panthéon help you to feel acquainted with him. He's the patron saint of Paris. Or, at least he's one of them. The other is Sainte Geneviève.

The pictures of her, in the Panthéon, are famous all over the world, and you have probably seen copies of some of them, many times. They are by a celebrated mural painter, Puvis de Chavannes, and are very beautiful. Sainte Geneviève lived on this hill where the Panthéon is, and died here and was buried where the Panthéon stands and where there used to be, for centuries, a church named for her, built over her shrine. When Attila the terrible Hun was coming toward Paris, in the middle of the fifth century, and the people were terrified and trying to flee, Sainte Geneviève encouraged them to pray to God and believe that God would help them. Attila didn't come to Paris, and the people were

sure it was because Geneviève had made them pray and believe; so, after that, they listened a great deal to her counsel — which was always good.

She lived to be about ninety, and to see Paris ruled by a Christian King — Clovis. He is another person you need to know something about; so it's fine to see the wall paintings of him, which make him seem so very real.

Clovis was a big, blond chieftain, or king, of the Frank tribe, which was the strongest tribe of the Gauls in this part of Rome's possessions. He had a Christian wife named Clotilde. Clovis was going

to fight a great battle against the Romans, and he knew that if he could win it, it would be the end of the Roman power around here, and he'd be the boss. So he vowed that if he won, he'd be a Christian. He did win, and he was baptized at Reims, on Christmas Day, 495 — he and three thousand of his warriors and their wives and children. That's why, ever afterwards, the Kings of France went to Reims to be crowned and anointed with the holy oil that was believed to have been brought by a dove from heaven to anoint Clovis the first King of France.

The section of country that Clovis was recognized as king of, was just a tiny part of what's now called France.

But, three hundred and five years later, a Frankish King named Charlemagne, grandson of a warrior named Charles Martel (or Charles the Hammer), who had beaten back the Saracens and saved Europe from them, was crowned in Rome, on Christmas Day, in old Saint Peter's Church; and he was crowned 'Emperor of all the world!'

There's a wonderful picture of that coronation, covering a big wall space in the Panthéon.

Then, there are several beautiful frescoes about Saint Louis that we loved almost the most of all. One shows him as a little golden-haired boy learning his lessons at his Mother's knee. And one shows him at the door of his tent when he was on one of his crusades. And the biggest one shows him founding the hospital for his blinded soldiers whose eyes had been put out by the Saracens. That hospital is a great blind asylum to-day,

after nearly seven centuries. It was Saint Louis' chaplain who founded the Sorbonne, the great University of Paris, that's near the Panthéon and that students from all over the world have been coming to for all those centuries. About eighteen thousand or more go there now. Long ago, all the students used to speak Latin, because that was the language they all knew and that the few books there were, were written in. So this part of Paris came to be called 'the Latin Quarter.'

On the opposite wall from Saint Louis are paintings that tell the story of Jeanne d'Arc from the time she first heard the Voices and saw the Vision, till she died at the stake in Rouen market-place.

Another thing in the Panthéon that interested us a great deal was the huge sculptured group called the Convention, showing many of the men we read about in stories of the French Revolution.

WHERE VILLON LIVED — AND STOLE!

All around the Panthéon is one of the most fascinating parts of Paris. We can't begin to tell you about all there is to see, and to remember. But we hope you'll go into the church that's back of the Panthéon: Saint-Étienne-du-Mont, or Saint Stephen of the Mountain. We thought it was beautiful and interesting, though we don't care as much about churches as some grown-up travellers seem to.

This is the quarter of Paris that's most associated with Villon, and we wanted to see it on his account; because he has been very, very real to us

ever since we saw 'The Vagabond King.' Villon and Louis XI.

There's a statue of Villon in a little 'square' near the Polytechnic School. And a good many

streets around there look as if Villon might feel quite at home in them now, though it's about four hundred and fifty years since he was here. (He lived just before the discovery of America.) One of these streets is rue Mouffetard. Walk through it till you come to an old church named

for Saint Médard. And there you must shut your eyes tight for a minute, and then open them again and look with your eyes that are not just *lenses.*

Do you see an old man sitting in the churchyard, begging? It is night, but he's still there. Along comes a not-so-old man, holding by the hand a little girl. This man is a hunted man — hunted, because he escaped from being a galley slave, by a police inspector named Javert — and he creeps out of his miserable garret lodging after dark, only, to get a little air and exercise. The little girl is a poor, mistreated child he has rescued from terrible people who were being very cruel to her. Each evening they stop and give the old beggar a few pennies, and sometimes the man says a kind word or two to him; because this man has suffered so terribly, nearly all his life, that he is very sorry for other people who are having a hard time, too.

As you look, the hunted man is dropping his coins into the beggar's hand. He is just about to say something, when the beggar suddenly raises his eyes and looks hard into the kind, sad face above him. Then the poor, hunted man's heart stands still! For he has recognized the terrible police inspector — knows he has borrowed the old beggar's clothes so as to get a good close look — at *him* — that his trail has been found again, and he must try to flee once more. So he and the little girl go hurrying back to their garret and gather up a few belongings, and start off through the dark streets, trying to lose themselves again. The police inspector is almost on their heels. It is a

chase, a hunt, that just makes your blood run cold.

Pretty soon, in another part of Paris, you're going to see where the hunt ended.

The hunted man is Jean Valjean, and the little girl is Cosette. They are in Victor Hugo's great story, 'Les Miserables.'

We began to know about it when we were very small, on account of poor little Cosette who was much more miserable than Cinderella, and the wonderful doll that Valjean gave her. Then, we kept asking to hear more and more about her, and about Valjean, and about nearly everybody in the book, until we knew it almost by heart — the story in it, we mean.

You miss a lot, in Paris, if you don't know and love this story.

WHEN THE ROMANS CAME

Another day, do your sight-seeing on the island in the Seine that's called the Île de la Cité. It is shaped like a boat, with the prow pointing downstream.

When the first Romans came here, they found some Gauls living on this island, whom they conquered, easily. And pretty soon there was a Roman governor living here and a fine temple built to Jupiter and a Roman forum in front of it, and a Roman road leading away southward to Rome. Romans were great road-builders, you know. The one that ran from here toward Rome began really in their Forum on the island, and crossed a bridge called the Petit Pont (you may

cross its successor) and stretched away down what is now rue Saint-Jacques, the principal street of 'the Latin Quarter.'

Up that road the legions came a-marching. Some of them went on, across the island, through the Forum, and across another bridge to the north bank of the Seine, and then away toward England by the road that's now called rue Saint-Martin. You can stand on the island a little way west of Charlemagne's statue, and look down one Roman road and up the other.

Well, one day a Roman emperor came up that road from Rome, and he decided that this place was getting important enough to have a palace. So he had one built, close to the road and a little way back from the river. You can see parts of it, now, every time you go along the famous 'Boul' Mich',' or Boulevard Saint-Michel, which goes southward from the river just a little way west of rue Saint-Jacques. The ruins of the great Roman baths are alongside the boulevard, close to the beautiful old mansion that's now the Cluny Museum.

(And, speaking of 'west,' do you know a very good way to tell west from east if you haven't your teeny pocket compass with you? It's this: churches usually face west. Not always, but so nearly always that you can almost depend on it.)

Well, the emperors stayed (when they came here) in that palace; and then Clovis and his descendants stayed in it. Charlemagne and his descendants didn't come to Paris much. When the next race of kings came, the one that began

with Hugh Capet in 987 and lasted until 1848, they thought the island was a safer place to live. So they began a palace there, where the first Roman governors had lived almost a thousand years before. And twelve Kings of France ruled the country from there.

Where the great palace of the Louvre is, right in the heart of 'downtown' Paris to-day, there was a castle that the Kings used to go to, sometimes. But it was suburban! It was outside the walls of Paris even as late as Jeanne d'Arc's day!

The palace that the Kings lived in on the island is now the court house (as we'd say) and a prison; and it is one of the most interesting places in the world.

The parts of it you must be sure to see are the prison (the terribly famous Conciergerie) and the room where Marie Antoinette and so many, many others were 'tried' and condemned to the guillotine; and the beautiful little chapel called Sainte-Chapelle; and the courtyard where the Maypole used to be set up, centuries ago, and that's still called the Cour du Mai. Another story by Victor Hugo that you're very glad if you know about it when you're in Paris, is 'Notre Dame de Paris.' Maybe you saw the moving picture made from it. A great deal of it happens right around here, and it begins with the May-day celebration, in the days of Louis XI, when the clerks of the law-courts were having a play. It was the clerks of these courts who really started the theatre in France. Before that, there were only religious plays, about heaven and hell and a little about

earth. The clerks liked to laugh. They were kind of tired of being *scared*. So they made some plays with lots of funny characters in them. They got funnier and funnier, till they were called 'Follies.'

When you go into the Conciergerie, you enter through a gate that's over on the quai, by the river. The prisoners who were brought there during the French Revolution, came in by the Cour du Mai — and went away out of it, to the guillotine.

You go down some old steps, into a room where the King's guard used to stay. It was built by Saint Louis, in the thirteenth century. His bedroom was just above it, between the two round pepper-pot towers that you've seen in so many pictures and that give you such a thrill when you realize that you're actually beholding them. That bedroom of his was where the terrible Tribunal sat that condemned so many people to death. The Parliament of France was meeting in that room, one day, when young King Louis XIV, seventeen years old and pretty 'smarty,' came striding in, 'booted and spurred,' and said they needn't sit there discussing whether they liked his decrees or not. '*I* am the State!' he said; and went out, very mad, and never came back to the Palais again all the sixty years that were left of his reign.

Well, he was hardly dead when the will he had made so carefully was broken, in this very room, and his last wishes set aside. And in this room, before that century was finished, a Queen of France (Marie Antoinette) and a royal Princess

of France (Madame Elizabeth, her sister-in-law) were sentenced to death.

You think of these things when you go into that room (which is a courtroom now), but you can think of them, too, when you are down below, waiting your turn to go into the cells.

The Conciergerie is a prison now; but they don't use the most historic parts for prisoners, and you don't see any of them.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S PRISON

Marie Antoinette was brought to the Conciergerie in the middle of the night between August 2 and 3, 1793, after she had been nearly a year in another prison called the Temple. She had been kind of comfortable there so far as having a decent bed and such things can make a person comfortable. You'll see her Temple prison bed in the Carnavalet Museum, and her little powder-table like the ladies have to-day. When they brought her here, they put her in the worst cell in the place — not the one you're going to see, but another one. Her husband was beheaded on the 21st of January. She hadn't seen her little boy, except from a distance, for a long time. They let her say good-bye to her little girl and to her sister-in-law, Madame Elizabeth. But after she got here she couldn't learn anything about them — whether they were alive or dead or being tortured and abused, or *what*.

Some people who were sorry for her tried to get her out; but their plan failed — it was poor Marie Antoinette herself who spoiled it. You can read

this in a fascinating Dumas story, 'The Chevalier de Maison-Rouge.'

After that, her cell was changed to the one you are going to see; and she had two guards watching her day and night — right in the cell with her, smoking and playing cards as you saw at the Musée Grévin. The cell has been changed a lot since she was in it. You must think of it as you saw it at the Grévin. She couldn't read — her eyesight had failed from so much sorrow and weeping, and besides it was too dark. Probably they wouldn't have let her have a book, anyway. She didn't have a thing to do but sit and think. They wouldn't let her have anything to sew or to write with, even if she could have seen to do it. Once, she pulled some threads out of her coarse blanket, and punched a hole in a cork (she never tasted wine, but they brought her bottled water to drink) and stuck pins in it, and made a little string of knitting the way you may have done in Kindergarten. She wanted to send it to her children to remember her by — it was all she had to send them. But the terrible men who were running the Revolution wouldn't let the children have it.

Marie Antoinette's jailers weren't mean to her. They all liked her and were sorry for her, and a good many of them would have done 'most anything for her to help her; but there wasn't much they could do. The head jailer was put in another jail, himself, and nearly guillotined, for being too kind to her. The new jailer was very scared. But he had a little 'slavey' named Rosalie, a poor

little Cinderella-girl who did the meanest sort of chores around the jailer's kitchen. And Rosalie loved the beautiful, unhappy queen and was good to her even though it might mean that *she'd* be sent to the guillotine.

One of the first things the guide shows you in the Conciergerie is the little old winding stone staircase, behind a grated door, that Marie Antoinette went up, to her trial in the room above, on the morning of October 15; and that she came down about four o'clock the next morning, condemned to die at ten.

Then he unlocks a regular prison door and lets you into a long dim corridor called the rue de Paris. In the Revolution it was filled with prisoners who were too poor to pay for lodging in a cell, and who lay here on straw. Marie Antoinette must have picked her way among them when she came back to her cell to prepare for death.

A few steps down from it is a great hall of the old palace, that dates from the thirteenth century, and next to it are the old kitchens, which are very interesting.

At the end of the rue de Paris is the Prisoners' Gallery which was the way prisoners came in at the time of the Revolution. At one side of it, near the door they came in and went out through, is a little pen with a bench in it, where the people who were going to the guillotine had their hair cut off, and their hands tied behind them, before they stepped through the jailer's office (which is now a restaurant) and out into the Cour du Mai where the tumbrils were waiting to take them to

execution, and the mob was waiting to jeer. The guide let us sit on that bench, and it seemed as if we would choke with sadness, thinking of all the poor people who had sat there on their way to die.

Because they had their hair cut by the executioner, their women relations had theirs cut by the barber, to show that they were women who had lost dear ones on the scaffold. That was the *first* fashion for bobbed heads in Paris!

You go into Marie Antoinette's cell. Only the floor is left as it was in her day. And you think of her coming down there in the early, early morning, and finding no one to comfort her in her last hours except the little scullion, Rosalie.

Rosalie said, 'You must have some bouillon; I've been keeping some hot for you.'

And Marie Antoinette said, 'My child, all is over for me.'

'But you must have courage, and strength, to the end,' Rosalie reminded her.

So, to please her, Marie Antoinette tried to swallow a spoonful or two. They let her write a farewell letter to her sister-in-law, but they knew they weren't going to deliver it. (Nine months later, after Robespierre was executed, that letter, stained with Marie Antoinette's tears, was found under the mattress of his bed. You must go, some day, into the back courtyard at 398 rue Saint-Honoré, and see where he lodged with a cabinet-maker's family; where the gaping people used to stand and watch him have his hair dressed; where he went out, one Thursday evening, the Terror of France; and where he went by, on the Saturday evening of that same week, broken and bleeding, on his way to the guillotine to die. The cell he spent his last few hours in is next to the one that was Marie Antoinette's.)

Rosalie gave the Queen a clean cap and fichu to wear, and helped her as long as she could.

Next to Robespierre's cell is the chapel of the Girondins, and in it there are many, many interesting pictures and things, including that last letter of Marie Antoinette's.

You can't go out of the Conciergerie the way the condemned people did; you have to go back, and leave by the entrance you came in at. But you can look out of a window in that Prisoners' Gallery and see the Women's Court where the women washed themselves. And, across the court, you can see where Charlotte Corday's cell was, and Madame Roland's, and other famous

women. Charlotte Corday's execution was just about three months before Marie Antoinette's; Madame Roland's was three weeks later. Charlotte had to wear a red robe to the scaffold to show that she was a murderess.

THE OLD PALACE

Then you leave the Conciergerie, and walk along the quai toward the famous old clock tower at the corner of the Palace that's by the Pont au Change and the Boulevard du Palais.

Behind the great gilded iron gates on the boulevard is the Cour du Mai, which has hardly changed a bit since the days of the Revolution. Those broad stairs leading up to the courts are just as they were when they were packed with people watching for Charlotte Corday to come out, and Marie Antoinette. The horses drawing the tumbrils used to be hitched to those very posts at the top of the smaller flight of steps leading down to the restaurant that used to be the jailer's office.

Climb the big stairs and go into the huge hall called the Salle des Pas-Perdus. You'll see many lawyers talking with one another or with their clients. Some of the lawyers are women. All of them wear black gowns and little white neckpieces with tabs to them.

In that great hall there's a big monument to the brave lawyer, Malesherbes, who defended Louis XVI and was guillotined for doing it — as he felt pretty sure he would be when he undertook the job. (Marie Antoinette's defender was guillo-

tined, too. His name was Chauveau-Lagarde, and there's a street named for him up behind the Madeleine, where the Boulevard Malesherbes begins. Almost every street in Paris has a name that tells a story.)

The room where the Revolutionary Tribunal sat and condemned so many people to death, and where nearly all the terrible leaders were themselves condemned to the guillotine when the people had had enough of their blood-thirstiness, is on the opposite side from the Malesherbes monument and in the far corner, to your left as you face that way.

Sometimes, but not often, you can get into the upper part of the Sainte-Chapelle from the end of the hall that's at the top of the steps coming up out of the Cour du Mai. But mostly you have to go down into the Cour du Mai again, and into the Cour de la Sainte-Chapelle, and climb up into the upper chapel by the romantic old corkscrew stone stairway. The reason the main part of the chapel is upstairs and has such a little stair to reach it by, is because the royal family came into it from the palace, on the same level. The downstairs part was used for the servants and soldiers.

Saint Louis built the Sainte-Chapelle to have a place beautiful enough to keep what he believed to be the Crown of Thorns that he brought back from his first crusade. It is not a big church, but it must be one of the most beautiful in the world, for it is nearly all stained-glass windows made of the glass they knew how to make in the thirteenth century (when this chapel was built) better than

at any other time. Every speck of it is almost as precious as a jewel. And when the sun shines through it, you'd think you were in the heart of a jewel-casket containing all the gems that ever were discovered. (During the Great War, they took out every one of those tiny pieces of glass, and kept them safe from air bombs. And when the war was over, they put them all back again, each in its right place.)

You might find it hard to believe that a crown of thorns could last so long, or that there was any way of knowing it was the real one. But Nannie thinks that what matters most about it is what believing in it made people *do*. It made them do beautiful things — like building this chapel — for which we're very grateful. And it will be fine if the things *we* believe make *us* do beautiful things for which many people, even in times long, long after us, are grateful and glad.

There is a place in the Sainte-Chapelle, a kind of closed-in box with only a small peep-hole in it, where Louis XI could sit and see the altar, at mass, and not be so afraid of being assassinated as he would have been if he sat where even the members of his own palace household could get at him.

It's too bad he was such a scared-cat; because he was really a great King, in many ways, and France has a lot to thank him for.

NOTRE DAME

Not far from the Sainte-Chapelle is Notre Dame, the cathedral of Paris.

A great many grown-ups who ought to know better think that every *big* church is a cathedral! There can be only one cathedral in a city, one in a whole bishopric. The *cathedra* is the kind of throne the bishop or archbishop sits in; the church that is the head of all those that he is over has the *cathedra* in it and *is* the cathedral. Notre Dame is very old. There was a church of that name here in the sixth century; and this one was begun in the twelfth century. But it wasn't a cathedral until 1623 — because Paris didn't have any bishop of its own till then — it was part of the bishopric of Sens, an old, old city about sixty miles away!

Notre Dame is very impressive, and many very interesting things have happened there. The one that we seem to know most about is the coronation of Napoleon. There's a picture of that which most everybody has seen reproduced, a lot of times.

We can never forget the first time Sisser saw that picture. She was very fond of stories about 'Poleon (as she called him) and Josephine, particularly about when he was a little boy and lived on an island named Corsica, and Josephine was a little girl and lived on an island named Martinique.

Everybody knows about the fortune-teller who told Josephine when she was a little girl that when she grew up she'd be 'more than queen.'

Josephine probably had a black 'Mammy,' but you don't hear about her. Nannie felt sure she had one, so she used to put her in the stories about Josephine. And we got so fond of Mammy

that when it was time, in the stories, for Josephine to go to France, we had to have Mammy go too. Everything that had Josephine in it had to have Mammy too. So, when Sisser saw that picture of Napoleon crowning Josephine, she looked and looked, and puckered up her brows; and finally she said:

'I don't see Mammy!'

Then Nannie had to think fast — as she often had to do for us! — and look not at all surprised.

'Do you see that pillar?' she asked, pointing to one quite near where Josephine was kneeling.

'Yes.'

'Well, Mammy is right behind it.'

And that satisfied her.

Of course when we finally got there, we had to find that pillar that big black Mammy was behind, watching her 'chile' being made 'more than queen.'

You see how it was the stories we used to hear, over and over again because we couldn't get enough of them, that made these places seem, when we got to them, like places we had always known.

Nannie says that if Josephine *did* bring her Mammy to France, and still had her when she was crowned Empress, it would have been just like Napoleon to see that Mammy got a place where she could have a fine view of everything; because he was a great one for remembering the people who had been kind to him when he was poor and needy; and he would have wanted Josephine to be the same. She was kind-hearted, too;

but she didn't think of anybody for very long at a time — she sort of took things as they came along, and enjoyed herself with whatever was the least trouble to her.

THE BASTILLE

Along about 1300 or so, the Kings of France got tired of living in the palace on the island, where they didn't have as much room to spread out as they wanted. So they went over on the north bank of the river (the Roman emperors and very early kings had lived on the south bank) and started a regular royal neighborhood over there.

The one who began it was Charles V. That part of Paris, at the east, was where the main road came in from the Marne Valley, and from Germany; and that's the road that enemies of France have been coming along for a great many centuries. So Charles thought he'd better make it as hard as he could for them to get into Paris, if they got that far; and he made the east gate of Paris into the strongest kind of fortress they knew how to build in those days, with eight massive towers and tremendously thick walls, and a very wide moat. This was called the Bastille Saint-Antoine, because the street leading from it into Paris was (and is) rue Saint-Antoine and that whole quarter is called Saint-Antoine. But the fortress is hardly ever spoken of except as the Bastille.

The new palace, with all its gardens and menagerie and tennis courts and tournament yard and its chapels and everything that went with a palace

in olden times, was just inside the wall where the Bastille pierced it. The Kings lived out there most of the time they were in Paris, up to the time of Francis I, which was about twenty-five to fifty years after the discovery of America. He began building the palace of the Louvre, adding it on to the old castle by that name.

The palace near the Bastille was really a group of mansions known as the Saint Paul Palace. On the other side of rue Saint-Antoine was another palace, the Tournelles, where a great deal of French history happened. Charles VI, the mad king, lived there. We have always been very interested in his family. His wife was the wicked Isabeau of Bavaria. His son was the dauphin that Jeanne d'Arc made King. One of the mad king's little girls was Isabel who became Queen of England when she was eight years old and was married to Richard II, who was murdered not long afterwards. Her younger sister, Katherine, was also Queen of England, wife of Henry V, whose father had had Richard murdered to get his throne.

Charles VII lived there, too, after the English were chased out. And his son, Louis XI, lived there. That must have been the palace in 'The Vagabond King.' Then, when Henry II died there, after being wounded in a tournament that was given to celebrate his daughter's wedding, Catherine de Médicis had the palace all pulled down. Little Mary, Queen of Scots, lived there too. So did her great-aunt, Mary Tudor, who was Louis XII's queen for a few weeks, and who mar-

ried again, and her daughter was the mother of Lady Jane Grey.

Where that palace was is now the Place des Vosges, a green square surrounded by fine old houses that were built in the early sixteen-hundreds.

Nearly every house has a story, and some of them have a *lot* of stories — for instance, the one that Victor Hugo lived in when he began writing 'Les Misérables.' That is the house Dumas pictured as Milady's, in 'The Three Musketeers.' And it has had other stories written about it, too. It is a Victor Hugo Museum now, and has many things in it that you'll like to see.

The Bastille was very near; but there's nothing of it to see now, except an outline on the street pavement to show where the towers were. The reason the people of France hated the Bastille so was because they, or their relatives, could be seized and thrown in there and kept, without a trial or without any chance to send word to their families, for just nothing at all if somebody who 'stood in' with the Court officials wanted to have them out of the way. You could get a letter signed by the King, but with spaces in it left blank. These spaces you could fill in with the name of any one you were mad at; and then you could give the letter to any officer, and have your enemy hurried off to the Bastille — and forgotten.

It was that sort of thing which made the people hate it. And when Camille Desmoulins made the speech that got them going, in 1789 (that Sunday noon in the Palais Royal Gardens outside Café

Foy), the first thing they thought of doing was rushing out to the Bastille and letting out the prisoners.

As it happened, there were only seven prisoners in it just then — four counterfeiters, two madmen, and one man who was a terrible criminal. But it was past grievances that the furious people had in mind. And the reason that France celebrates July 14 as we celebrate July 4, is because on that day her people struck a great blow against the old order of things when there was too much power in too few hands and too little justice for the many.

'The Man in the Iron Mask' died in the Bastille, and is buried in a little old graveyard near there.

After the fortress-prison was destroyed, there was a wood and plaster elephant there, where Gavroche, in 'Les Misérables,' had his lodging, with the rats. Do you remember? The fine monument in the square now is to those who were killed in the street fighting when Paris was getting rid of Louis XVI's brother, Charles X. And you know, in the story Gavroche was supposed to be one of those.

Out around the part of Paris where the Bastille used to be, and the royal palaces, there's just one story after another, all up and down every street. We couldn't get enough of strolling around there and poking into courtyards and other places.

The Carnavalet Museum is out there, too; and we loved that! It is in an old mansion, probably the finest in Paris; and contains hundreds of

things that belong to the history of Paris. There's where you see Marie Antoinette's bed and powder-table from her Temple prison; and the little dauphin's playthings; and many things from the Bastille; and so on.

One of the rooms that delighted us most was the one right at the entrance that had old shop signs and street signs and things they put in old shop windows to make people stop and look. Another room we liked specially was the one where there are lots of little models of old Paris streets, showing how they used to look. We liked the old costumes and fans and jewelry. In fact, we liked it all, and mean to spend a good deal of time there every time we go to Paris. Be sure not to miss it — though most visitors to Paris *do* miss it!

THE LOUVRE

If you go to the Louvre (go *into* it, rather! you're always going past it) after you have seen quite a little of Paris, you appreciate the Louvre a lot better.

The Tuileries Palace which Catherine de Médicis began was where the street is now that runs from in front of Jeanne d'Arc's monument on the rue de Rivoli, toward the Pont Royal. It was the last palace built in Paris for kings — though the long wings connecting it with the Louvre were built mostly by the two Napoleons. The Tuileries Palace was burned by the mob in 1871, after the French lost the Franco-Prussian War and had to pay the Germans such an awful lot of money. All we have left of the Tuileries Palace is a little of these connecting galleries, and the lovely gardens which stretch away westward to the Place de la Concorde where the guillotine stood.

You could play around those gardens from the time you began to toddle until you were grown and learn a new story, every day, of things that happened there.

The one we like the best of all is about how the royal family escaped from the Tuileries, when Count Fersen was helping them, and got away almost over the border of France, when they were recognized, and brought back. It's a thrilling story, but we're afraid it's too long to tell here.

There are many monuments in the gardens, nearly all with stories to them. If you don't have time to look at them all, we hope you'll surely look

at the one to Charles Perrault, who lived in Louis XIV's time and wrote many of the fairy-tales we know and love best. He was the one who got the Tuileries Gardens thrown open to the public. His monument is near the big round pond where the children sail their boats, quite close to the Place de la Concorde end of the gardens — and near it is a bust of the man who laid out the gardens: Le Nôtre.

The stories about the Louvre that we like most are those that have Catherine de Médicis in them — especially those that are in Dumas's book 'Marguerite de Valois.' We enjoy the Louvre as a palace even more than we enjoy it as a museum; though of course we were thrilled to see the Venus de Milo and the Wingéd Victory, and other things we'd been seeing copies of all our lives.

We wanted to see 'The Angelus' and 'The Gleaners,' because we had just been to Barbizon and had such an interesting visit at Millet's cottage where he painted them. And we wanted to see Rouget de Lisle singing 'Le Marseillaise' for the first time; and 'The Birth of Henry IV'; and 'The Death of Queen Elizabeth'; and 'Madame le Brun and her Daughter'; and 'The Broken Pitcher'; and 'The Dead Bird'; and 'Mona Lisa'; and some others that we knew about. We liked the wonderful furniture, and the many kinds of beautiful things in the Galerie d'Apollon.

But we get tired rather soon, in museums, looking at so many things.

After this, in Paris, we're not going in to look at the museum any more. We're going in to see some

one thing that we've been reading or hearing about and have got interested in. Maybe, before we get out we'll have discovered something that we *want* to know about. We probably shall! But trying to see a great lot of assorted things is too much for us.

'LAFAYETTE, WE ARE HERE!'

One of the greatest mornings we had was the Fourth of July when we went out to visit Lafayette's tomb in the Picpus Cemetery which is away out in the east end of Paris.

The reason he lies out there, at the back of a convent yard, past all the nuns' vegetables, is this:

There is a big square out there that once upon a

time was a crossroads corner where an important north-and-south road crossed the very important east-and-west road that ended at the Bastille. Toward the end of the French Revolution the guillotine was set up out there, instead of in the Place de la Concorde — which was called the Place de la Révolution then. They kept it up all the time, out there; and in forty-nine days of June and July, 1794, more than thirteen hundred persons were guillotined on it. On one day, three of the nearest relations of Lafayette's wife were executed there, one of them being her aged grandmother.

Lafayette, who was a marquis, married, when he was very young, a daughter of the Duc de Noailles (pronounced No-eye) whose town house in Paris, where the young couple were married, was on rue Saint-Honoré; part of it is now in the Hotel Saint James and Albany.

It was so far out to that lonesome place where the guillotine stood that the people in Paris didn't know as much about what was going on as they did when the executions were right in town. And it seemed that nobody paid much attention to what was done with all the bodies.

When the Reign of Terror was over, and members of Madame Lafayette's family who had got out of France came back and began asking where their relations were buried, nobody could tell them until a poor working girl was discovered by some one, praying, Sunday after Sunday, on a certain spot. When she was asked why she prayed there, she said that her father was guillo-

tined, and she had followed him to the scaffold, and then watched to see where they put his body. They threw it into a big trench, she said, with all the other thirteen hundred and more. And they didn't even cover up the bodies with dirt until after those forty-nine days were over.

So, then people learned where all those victims were; and one of Madame Lafayette's relations bought the ground, so it could always be kept sacred. And when the relatives of the victims died, they were buried out here near their dear ones — which made a little cemetery besides the

one that the trench occupies. Madame Lafayette wanted to lie here, naturally; and of course her husband wanted to lie where she did. So his grave, with American soil above his heart and an American flag always fluttering there, is close to the enclosed plot where the guillotine victims rest. And all this ground now is in the garden of a convent whose nuns say a service, every day, in memory of the guillotine victims. And once a year there is a memorial day when the living members of those families come out here, wearing mourning, and walk along the paths beside flowering fruit trees and spring vegetables, to the graves away at the back. It was here that General Pershing came, when America was just going into the War to fight beside the French and their allies, and said, 'Lafayette, we are here!'

Then —! this is the convent yard that Jean Valjean and Cosette dropped into when Javert was chasing them after he had recognized Jean at Saint Medard's church. The gardener was old Fauchlevent for whom Jean had once done a kindness; and he recognized Jean, and hid him, and smuggled him out in the coffin of a nun. But Cosette stayed and was educated by the nuns.

Victor Hugo got his great knowledge of the convent from Juliette Drouet, a lady that he loved very much for more than fifty years. She had been a pupil at this convent for ten years. Her statue, representing Strasbourg, is in the Place de la Concorde. And there are many things in the Victor Hugo Museum in Place des Vosges, that she gave to it.

We can never, never forget our visit to that cemetery.

WHERE THE LITTLE BOY IS BURIED WHO WAS *NOT* (WE THINK) THE DAUPHIN

When we came away, Nannie told the driver (we had a taxicab that morning, and not Robert) to take us to the little church of Sainte Marguerite that's not far away. That is where the little boy who died in the Temple prison is buried. Some people think he was Marie Antoinette's son, the dauphin. But we don't.

We think that Simon the cobbler got the real dauphin out, in a hamper of dirty clothes. But we don't know what became of him — whether he was one of the many who came forward later, claiming to be the dauphin; or whether he stayed out of sight.

The boy buried at Sainte Marguerite's has been dug up, twice. He was evidently a good deal older than the dauphin, and bigger than the dauphin could have been. He was a deaf-mute that Simon smuggled into the Tower of the Temple in a huge hobby-horse he said he was leaving as a present for 'little Capet.' And 'little Capet' went out with the Simon washing, when they quit their job.

It was the poor deaf-mute who was 'walled in,' so that none of the Revolutionists who went snooping around the prison could find out that he wasn't Louis XVI's son.

This is one of the stories we never, never get tired of. There's so much in it to guess about —

so much 'suspense' that never gets let down. Have you read 'Captive Royal Children'? And 'The Cobbler's Son'?

We saw a wedding at that church of Sainte Marguerite. It was the first wedding service we had seen in France, and there is one thing about French weddings that we think ought to be copied everywhere: the bridesmaids, escorted by the ushers, go up and down the aisles carrying very pretty bags that they pass into the pews, taking up a collection for the poor. When you are rejoicing with the happy, you should think also of the miserable and do what you can, out of your happiness, to make their misery less.

When you buy a theatre or opera or any kind of amusement ticket in France, you always pay a little extra on it, and that goes to the poor who can't afford amusements or even necessities.

And another thing in France that impressed us very much was the way every one on the streets raises his hat and respectfully salutes the dead, when funerals go by.

The cemetery where most of the people guillotined at the Place de la Concorde are buried is on the Boulevard Haussmann. The Swiss Guard, who have the wonderful Lion Monument in Lucerne, are there too.

There's a chapel over the spot where Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette lay till they were moved out to Saint-Denis. And on the anniversaries of their deaths (January 21 and October 16) there is a memorial service held for them. But Louis XVIII (the first of Louis XVI's two brothers who

succeeded him) never ordered his nephew included, when he had prayers said for the souls of his brother, Louis XVI, his sister, Madame Elizabeth, and his sister-in-law, Marie Antoinette. He knew his nephew wasn't dead and lying in Sainte Marguerite's church yard!

You might not care about going out to Saint-Denis to see the royal tombs. But we certainly did! We liked it even more than Westminster Abbey.

NAPOLEON!

Now we come to the tomb in Paris that everybody goes to see: Napoleon's. The great gilded dome above his resting-place is one of the most prominent things in Paris. And there's so much open space between the Invalides and the river that you can see it even when you're quite far away; and are kept in mind of who's lying beneath it.

By this time you know that we are very, very interested in Napoleon.

One morning when she was so little that she couldn't write at all but just made scratches and called it 'writing books,' Sisser came to breakfast looking so serious that Nannie asked her what was the matter.

'I got to write *two* books to-day,' Sisser answered. 'And one of 'em's 'bout 'Poleon.'

Nannie was very serious, too, and talked to her as one-author-to-another.

'If I were going to do a book about 'Poleon,' she said, 'I'd take at least a whole day for it.'

'I b'lieve I better,' Sisser said; and she seemed to be much relieved. She never wrote any of the book — not even as much as she wrote of her travel-book, which began and ended with 'First you get a trunk!'

The only book she ever really finished (although she was the only person who could read it) was about Charlotte Corday; and it was all about the bathtub and the murder. She read it to the French consul at Chicago, a very serious gentleman.

She said Marat was sitting in the funny-shaped tub 'because he had a *bizease*' that made him itch and scratch; and there was medicine in the tub to keep him from itching. And when Charlotte asked to see him he hollered out, 'She can't come in! I'm takin' a bath!' And then Sisser looked at the French consul, very severely, and said: 'You should never let a lady come in when you're takin' a bath.'

He told her he didn't. And she went on with her book, to where Marat 'began to get scared of Charlotte, and said, "For goodness gracious sakes alive, woman! if you'd get out of here for a couple o' minutes I could put on my clothes!" But she wouldn't go. She got out her knife and stuck it in him, and he went "Squish!"'

If we wrote a book about 'Poleon, it would be mostly about when he was a little boy and a young man; and then a little bit about the sad days at the end. Oh, yes! And Mammy at the coronation, probably.

Suppose we tell you how we sort of 'trailed

him around Paris' — and finish up with Les Invalides!

We went along the river (the Seine) past the Hôtel de Ville (we visited that — it's the City Hall — and you must go there, too; but we won't stop, here, to tell about it) to a place opposite the island that's named Île Saint-Louis, which is behind, or east of, the island that Notre Dame is on, and the old palace where the Conciergerie is. This island is sort of 'hitched' to the other, the Île de la Cité, by a bridge; and if you think of the island, where the Romans had their forum, as a boat with its prow pointed downstream, or west, you can think of the Île Saint-Louis as a big 'lifeboat' tagging along behind. There was nothing much but cow pastures on the smaller island till about three hundred years ago.

When you get to the Pont Marie that leads over to this island from the north bank of the river, you go past the bridge a very few steps, and then you hang over the parapet and look down at the river below you. And whatever you are in the habit of saying, like 'abracadabraca-dum, dum, dee,' or other magic words, you say them, with your eyes shut for a half a minute.

When you open your eyes and look again, there's a clumsy old barge just tying up; it is full of hay and grain and butter and cheese and three hundred cheap passengers who have come to Paris this slow way because it costs less than a stage-coach. Most of them have been on board for a couple of days, with no place to sit or sleep except among the hay bales and grain sacks and cheeses; and they look pretty frowzled.

When the plank is put from the boat rail to the shore, and the passengers start coming off, do you see a monk, or friar, with a little string of five boys in tow? Do you see one bilious-looking kid with spindly legs and a kind of hunch to his shoulders as near-sighted people get who haven't proper glasses? He's hollow-chested, too, and has scraggly hair, and isn't a bit good-looking. His name is Nabuleone Buonaparte, and he speaks French badly, with a strong Italian accent. He hates France and the French — or, at least, he thinks he does — because, just before he was born, fifteen years ago, France bought the island he was born on; and the people he grew up among, who were really Italians, didn't want to be French — they wanted to be free.

He isn't a very sociable chap. He's being educated, at the expense of King Louis XVI, to be a soldier; but he hates being a 'charity' on a King he doesn't want to be *his* King.

They walk across the Pont Marie (the same one that you may cross) and stop at a restaurant to get a meal — their first in a couple of days. Then they go on over to the south side of the island where there's a bridge, leading to the south bank of the river, that's called Pont de la Tournelle. And from that bridge there's a thrilling view of the east end, the apse, of Notre Dame, with the marvellous flying buttresses and the tops of the towers, and the slender spire, silhouetted against the ruddy western sky.

It is late in the afternoon of October 30, 1784. The boy from Corsica, who was fifteen in August,

has his first glimpse of Notre Dame against an early sunset. What would he think if he could look forward twenty years, and see himself inside

Notre Dame, crowning himself emperor? *We* know what's going to happen; but *he* doesn't!

Over on the south side of the river there are always book-stalls to tempt one. He pauses at one and sees a second-hand book he'd love to have — but he hasn't a sou to his name. One of the other

boys lends him a few pennies, and he buys the book: 'Gil Blas.' Then the friar takes the boys to church — to the old, old church of Saint-Germain-des-Prés which means Saint-Germain of the Fields, though there are no fields within sight of it *now*. And after that, he leads them to the Military School (École Militaire), probably down rue du Dragon and along rue de Babylone.

Napoleon must have gone across the way to the Old Soldiers' Home (Les Invalides) the very first time he was allowed out to go anywhere. Nannie says she always 'sees' him, wandering about there in his gaping, gawking days — and in the lovely old church of Saint Louis under the tattered battle flags. We felt that we saw him there, too.

And we were quite sure he brushed by us under the arcades of the Palais Royal in the dusk, one evening. That was another of the places we know he went 'sight-seeing' at his first opportunity.

There was one house in Paris he could go to in those days, when he had leave from school to go a-visiting. It was the house of some Corsican friends named Permon, and was on the Quai de Conti, near the Mint — which in Paris is called Hôtel des Monnaies. That house is still standing (number 13) and sometimes when we were going by it we'd see the maddest boy coming out! His cheeks were flaming and his eyes were flashing, and we could tell that he was in an awful rage. He had gone there to show himself off in his first uniform as an officer (second lieutenant) and was so comical, with his thin little legs in very high

shiny boots, that the little Permon girl burst out laughing and said he looked like Puss in Boots. Was he furious!

He went away from Paris soon after that. But he was back, every now and then; always poor and shabby and most of the time '*in* bad' with the War Office because, when they gave him a job, he spent more time fussing about his mother and brothers and sisters and how they were to get along, than he did trying to be a good soldier. Or, at least that's what the War Office thought, and you could hardly blame them. He got so little pay, and the family seemed to need so many things, that he worried all the time. And he worried about Corsica, too — he wanted to help it get free from France.

It really seemed that he wasn't so very promising for the French Army.

Lots of the places we went strolling and story-telling about in Paris, we'd meet that worrying young chap. Once he tried to be a novel-writer. Once he thought he'd be an historian. Another time he tried to get a house he could run as a lodging-house; and nobody'd trust him.

After Robespierre was guillotined and the Reign of Terror was over, Napoleon was still hanging around without a job. Robespierre had offered him a good job, but he wouldn't take it because he had a hunch that Robespierre was 'about through.' Napoleon had just about decided to go to Turkey, because the Turks needed artillerymen and he knew he was a good one, though the French were always trying to get him

to take a job in the infantry, which an artilleryman would just about rather die than do.

Things were going awful badly in Paris. Many, many people were out of work, and food was terribly dear, and it took about a bushel of francs to buy anything (they are about one fifth of what they used to be, as we write this; but at the time we're telling about, they were ten times less valuable than now.) And the profiteers were buying up all the food and clothes and making people pay terrible prices for them.

It was hard to see what good anybody had got out of all the bloodshed and suffering of the Revolution; and lots of people thought it would be better to go back to having kings again.

NAPOLEON GETS A JOB

One evening (it was October 4, 1795) a young man was making a speech, in the street, telling people they ought to have Louis XVI's brother for a king. And the men who were trying to run the country without a king were having a meeting in the Tuileries Palace and talking things over, wondering what they could do.

They sent a lot of soldiers up the street to make that young man stop talking. And all the soldiers did was to stand there and listen to him.

Just then, a theatre audience came out. The theatre was where the Stock Exchange of Paris is now (they call it the Bourse, which is the word we get *purse* from) and the play that night was 'The Good Son.' Napoleon had been to see it. He was feeling very blue and looking terribly

seedy and shabby. His coat was threadbare; his boots were hole-y; his hat was too big for him and looked like an extinguisher on a very thin white candle. His eyes burned, because he felt that the world was very unkind to him. And his long, stringy locks of hair hanging down beside his cheeks made him kind of wild-looking — pretty much of a 'bum' and 'down-and-out.' He was just past twenty-six.

He was going to his miserable hotel, when he saw the crowd listening to the young man; so he went to see what the excitement was. And he was furious when he saw that the soldiers who had been sent there to stop the young man weren't doing a thing. There were infantry and cavalry and artillery, and officers galloping around. The young man ordered them to withdraw — and they obeyed him!

Napoleon followed them. He went down to the Tuileries Palace, where all was in commotion. They immediately 'fired' the general who took his orders from the enemies of the Republic. But they didn't know where to get a better one.

A man named Barras, who had known Napoleon for several years, said, 'I have the man we need. He is a little Corsican officer.'

Barras was told to offer his friend the command. Napoleon said he'd take it if the Assembly would promise not to 'call him off' until the job was done. They promised. And, next day, Napoleon was famous.

The Royalists, who wanted another king, were massed around the church of Saint Roch, early on

the morning of October 5, after their victory of the night before. They were going to march upon the Tuileries, chase the Assembly out, and proclaim a king. But up from the Tuileries Gardens came the Republican troops with a new commander — a shabby young man in cracked boots and a hand-me-down hat. He treated the Royalists to 'a whiff of grapeshot' (you can see the pockings of it on the church front, now!) and not much more was said, out loud, about a king for nineteen years.

Napoleon was the military commander of Paris, then. He had offices, and power, and new clothes, and didn't talk any more about going off to be a Turk.

One thing he did was to say that people who had any kind of weapons in their house must give them up. If they had no weapons, there couldn't be any fighting against his authority and against the Republic.

One day a young boy came to the commander's office. (Napoleon was a general, then.) He said that his father had been guillotined, and the only thing his family had left to remember him by was his sword. Wouldn't the general please let them keep it?

The general said he would. So, one day, the boy's mamma came to thank the general; and the general fell in love with her. She was Josephine!

That happened on rue des Capucines. Napoleon lived a few doors farther down the street. We used to go very often to rue des Capucines; because on it, near the Boulevard de la Madeleine,

there's a little shop where we get bracelets mended and beads re-strung, and things like that done — of which we seemed to have something two or three times a week. So it used to seem to us almost as if we saw Eugène (Josephine's son) going in and out; and Josephine coming to thank the young general; and Napoleon walking back and forth between his home and his office, thinking about all he had to do — and about Josephine.

If you follow that street to its end (it's only two 'blocks' long), you cross the famous rue de la Paix, and then keep going two more 'blocks' (very short ones) on what is really the same street, but is now called rue des Petits-Champs, or the Street of the Little Fields.

Turn up the second street on your left, rue d'Antin, toward Avenue de l'Opéra; and at number 2, first building from the avenue, is a bank which used to be the mairie of this ward. There Napoleon and Josephine were married. (In Paris there is a mairie or ward hall for every one of the wards, which they call *arrondissements*. And everybody has to be married in the salle de mariage, or marriage room, of the ward hall in their own ward. After that, they can be married again, if they like, in church. Most people are. But it's the mairie marriage that counts in *law*. Napoleon and Josephine didn't have any church marriage for a good many years. Then, just before their coronation, the Pope made them have a religious marriage, in the Tuileries Palace.)

After Napoleon and Josephine were married, they drove right up to her house. It was quite

late at night. Josephine had a little yappy, snappy dog named Fortuny, that Napoleon didn't like at all. Josephine let Fortuny sleep in her bed. And when Fortuny saw Napoleon come home with Josephine, he was jealous, and began snapping at Napoleon.

'I don't sleep with dogs,' Napoleon said.

But Josephine wouldn't put Fortuny out. So Napoleon had to make the best of it. Fortuny won; but he wasn't nice to Napoleon, even then. He bit Napoleon in the leg!

Once, when Josephine was visiting Napoleon down in Italy where he was fighting, she had Fortuny with her. And Napoleon astonished one of his attendants by asking him if he knew any kind of *big* dog that *ate little* dogs.

The attendant didn't.

'I'm sorry,' Napoleon said. 'I was going to suggest that you get one.'

So he had to stand Fortuny the best he could, till Fortuny died of old age.

If you want to see Fortuny's collar, with his name on it, you can look for it in the Carnavalet Museum.

We have never cared so very much, yet, for many stories about Napoleon when he was Emperor. We think we should have been very scared of him then. But we love him when he begins to be sad and we can feel sorry for him.

Nearly all the palaces around Paris have much in them to remind us of him in his great days. At Versailles, he lived in the Grand Trianon. Compiègne is very full of him and Marie Louise;

we don't like her at all. We'll tell about these in another chapter.

The last Paris palace Napoleon lived in was the Élysée Palace, where the Presidents live now. That was after Waterloo.

Then he went off to spend those lonely years on Saint Helena — and to die there — and to rest there for nineteen years before his ashes were brought to 'lie on the banks of the Seine in the midst of the French people whom I have so dearly loved.'

He *did* love them! Although he had begun by thinking he didn't. And how they love him!

WHERE NAPOLEON IS BURIED

Lots of visitors to Paris go to Napoleon's tomb almost the first thing. In one way, that's nice, we think — like paying reverent respect first of all to the Unknown Soldier because 'greater love hath no man than this: that he lay down his life for his friend'; and that he count among his friends many whom he never saw but who were given him to be friendly with.

But in another way, we think that visitors to Paris who go first to these other places we have told about (not forgetting Musée Grévin) will have more things, and tenderer things, to think about when they stand looking down at that porphyry sarcophagus in the crypt where the unearthly light streams down on the old battle flags, and makes a great *lump* come into your throat.

When you come out, you find all the grassy spaces around the imposing entrance to the tomb,

filled with children playing. In France, hardly anything is railed off and kept away from the people, and especially the children. The more wonderful and sacred a place is, the more they seem to want it to belong to the people and most of all to the children. You feel as if they want the children to grow up knowing that these places belong to them and they must learn to love them and take care of them. Everything in France seems to belong to the children; even Napoleon's tomb.

You go around the dome (the part of the church of Saint Louis where Napoleon's buried; it was built for a royal chapel for the King to worship in when he came to see the invalid soldiers) and along a corridor called the Corridor du Metz, and at your left when you leave that corridor is the entrance to the main part of the church which is hung with old battle flags and has a small chapel with many things in it that belonged to Napoleon's first burial-place on Saint Helena.

Facing you, when you come out of the church, is the Court of Honor of the Musée de l'Armée, or Army Museum. This is a place we'd like to write and write about; it is a place you really ought to go to several times, because there's so much to see that's intensely interesting, and so much to think about, that you can't begin to do it justice in one visit.

The Museum of Arms and Armor is marvellous. There is chain and plate armor, and many kinds of weapons. Some of the armor is most gorgeously decorated in gold — 'damascened,' they call it,

because Damascus was one of the places where, in ancient times, the workers in steel knew how to etch these patterns, as well as how to make the marvellous Damascus blades. We were very in-

terested in the armor that used to be worn, by horse and knight, in tournaments. Sometimes even horsey had his armor decorated in gold!

It seemed to us that there were at least a hundred different shapes and styles of steel helmets worn by soldiers of long ago. And we were told

how they were all considered when it was decided in the Great War that soldiers must have steel hats; and how one model of olden times was chosen to be copied.

We saw the helmet that Henry II was wearing at the tournament in honor of his daughter's marriage (that tournament out near where the Place des Vosges is now) when Captain Montgomery's lance accidentally pierced the helmet and went through the King's eye into his brain. That made young Mary, Queen of Scots, the Queen of France.

In the courtyard of the Museum, where the Armistice car stood until it was taken back to Compiègne forest where the Armistice was signed, there are some captured German guns, camouflaged; and a siren that used to wake people in Paris when an air raid was coming. One of the rooms on the ground floor has little models of trenches and dugouts and entanglements, and an 'invalid' soldier with many, many medals on his breast, to explain things to you about the late war.

GUYNEMER

Upstairs there is a room named for Guynemer, with a portrait of him, and the original, 'really truly' little chase plane called 'Old Charles' in which he flew and brought down nineteen enemy aviators.

He was very young when the war began (about sixteen or so) and had always been a delicate boy. He was terribly anxious to fight, but nobody

would have him. When the Germans were getting close to Compiègne, where he lived, his parents took their family down to Biarritz, near the Spanish border. There was an aviation camp near by, and Guynemer haunted it, begging the men to let him do something. They gave him nasty dirty jobs to do — oiling and other things that got him all smeared up — but he was only too tickled to get them. He watched and studied as he worked; and once in a while one of the aviators would take him up. Soon he learned to fly. And after an awful lot of trouble he got himself accepted in the aviation service. He was never afraid of anything — never seemed to think about anything except getting the enemies he went after. People said that, after he was wounded and brought down, once, he'd be more frightened. So, when it happened, he *was* scared — scared that he might have lost his nerve! The first time he went up, after his recovery, what do you suppose he did? He made himself go unarmed! He wanted to give his courage the stiffest test he could think of. And when he did that, he found that he wasn't scared at all!

He seemed just like one of the knights out of the great old stories, one of those who was victorious in every encounter and nobody could 'down' him. In that room you can see some of the reports he made out for his commanding officer, telling about bringing down an enemy plane just as matter-of-fact-ly as we might report that we got up, or went to bed, or brushed our teeth.

Finally, one day, he went up — early in the morning — and was never seen more. 'No man

knows his burial-place,' though it is known that he was killed in action — in the air.

Nannie says he rides above France for ever and for ever, on his wingéd courser with the fast-beating pulse. We're almost sure we heard him above the tops of the ancient trees in Charlemagne's forest of Compiègne on the edge of which he grew up and learned to be a knight. We love everything about this forever-famous boy, almost as we love everything about our own marvellous Lindy.

One thing to be sure to see when you're in the Guynemer room is the sample of the buttons that were on every French aviator's jacket — a hollow round button of thin steel that could easily be cut open, and inside was a teeny-weeny compass and a map printed on the thinnest paper and folded into a wee wad. This was to help him find his way if he was brought down inside the enemy lines and had his plane burned up, or taken away from him.

Another room, near by, has many things in it that belonged to Napoleon — even his favorite Arab horse, stuffed; and his dog; and the garden bench he used to sit on in Saint Helena; and his camp-bed; and his field-glass, and pistols, and some of his uniforms, and one of his hats.

We mustn't try to say much more about Paris, although it seems as if we had hardly begun on all there is to say.

But we think you ought surely to visit the Hôtel de Ville, or City Hall, some afternoon between two and four, and see what a city hall can

be like. They'll take you through the magnificent rooms where Paris entertains her distinguished visitors; and these are interesting to see not only because, after seeing them, you can have a picture in your mind when you read about Lindy or some other celebrity being entertained there; but because of the historical paintings which help you to realize how Paris looked in the once-upon-a-time days when Louis XI was making his joyous entry, or some other historic thing was happening.

And of *course* you'll go out to Le Bourget and see where Lindy landed!

CHAPTER IV

EXCURSIONS OUT OF TOWN

THE one excursion that everybody makes is to Versailles. If they can make two, most of them choose Fontainebleau for the second one. Some go to the battle-fields. Some go to Compiègne. Only a few go down into the lovely valley where the Duchess of Chevreuse lived, who is in 'The Three Musketeers,' and where the Presidents of France stay, when they can leave Paris, in the château of Rambouillet which has a grand old hunting forest. We have several friends who live down in that valley, and we often go down there to visit them.

Versailles is so near Paris that as you go to it you can hardly tell where Paris leaves off and Versailles begins. There are lots of *char-à-banc* excursions out there, every day; and most of them, now, seem to stop on the way out, at Malmaison, Napoleon's home and Josephine's. We never went anywhere with a crowd of people, and we don't think we'd like it at *all*. But if it's the only way you can do, we suppose you have to make the best of it. You can get out to Versailles for a few cents, on a tram or an electric railway or a steam car. And when you get there you can wander around just as you choose, and play in the gardens as long as you like. We'd love to live at Versailles for a while, and for another while at

Fontainebleau. Both places have very, very fine hotels. And oh! those woods and gardens.

Well, now about Versailles, with a stop at Malmaison, which is about seven miles from Paris.

First you should stop at a little town called Reuil and go into the church where Josephine is buried, and her daughter, Hortense, who was Queen of Holland — married to one of Napoleon's younger brothers. She didn't like him at all! Their son was the second Emperor Napoleon — but they call him Napoleon III, although Napoleon II, who was the great Napoleon's son, never really reigned.

Napoleon lived in nearly all the palaces that belong to France. But Malmaison was his own house and home that he bought with his own money, and furnished the way he wanted it, before he knew how many palaces he was going to have to live in; and it seems much more his 'really truly own' than any of the others. He had one room furnished like a tent, so he could feel — when he had his counsellors around him — as if he were on a campaign.

After seeing the Malmaison group at the Musée Grévin, you could easily imagine you had come to Malmaison to one of Josephine's parties, if it wasn't for the bus-loads of sight-seers who go shuffling through. We got there early, before the first bus came, and had the house pretty much to ourselves. Then, when the crowds began streaming up the walk, we went out into the grounds at the back of the house, and off to one side of it; and there it was easy to pretend we saw Mammy com-

ing out with one of the beautiful cashmere shawls Josephine was always buying, to make her put it on when the evening got a little chilly.

When Napoleon divorced Josephine, he gave her Malmaison and lots of jewels and money. And this was her home until she died, here, in 1814. He came to see her, sometimes; and he sent his baby out here so Josephine could see him — the little King of Rome. We imagined we could see Josephine receiving the baby.

She had liked being empress; and we think she must have loved Napoleon in her own way — which wasn't a very 'deep' one. And maybe by

that time she was able to realize how important it was for Napoleon to have a son to succeed to his great empire; because, if he *didn't*, there'd be terrible fights about everything after he died, and millions of people would suffer. So she could have been glad, we think, about the little King of Rome.

Then came the battles of 1814, when many nations of Europe banded together to destroy Napoleon's power; and he lost so many of the battles that when those Allies told him he must abdicate, or resign, he had to do it and go away into his first exile on the island of Elba.

You think a lot about that first exile when you're at Fontainebleau, where Napoleon said good-bye to his soldiers; and to his baby — for the last time! But you have to think about it at Malmaison, too. You think how Josephine must have felt when she heard about it. And when she received, at Malmaison, the Tsar of Russia and the King of Prussia who had captured Paris and were keeping Napoleon out.

Napoleon got to Elba on the 3d of May, 1814. Three weeks from that very day, Josephine died; and when Napoleon heard of it, five days later, he was very sad. She had wanted to share his exile, when Marie Louise ran away and left him; but Napoleon thought it wouldn't be just the thing to let her do.

He stayed at Elba till the 26th of February, and then started back to France and was Emperor again for a Hundred Days — till his defeat at Waterloo, June 18. He got back to Paris, after

Waterloo, on June 21, and was at the Élysée for five days (he signed his second abdication on June 22). Then he came out to Malmaison. 'Poor Josephine!' he said. 'She had her failings, but she would never have abandoned me.'

He decided to go to the United States, and left Malmaison on June 29, hoping to do so. But the British cruisers were on the watch, and he couldn't get away.

We think it's fascinating to imagine what Napoleon's thoughts must have been those last three days he spent at Malmaison remembering Josephine, recalling how Marie Louise had deserted him, and planning what he might be able to do in the United States. And also, among many other things that belonged to Napoleon and Josephine, Malmaison now has the camp bed on which he died at Saint Helena.

VERSAILLES

Versailles is a tremendous place to see in a part of a day. But as that is all the time most travellers can give to it, we think we'd better try to tell you just what you can do in a few hours there. If you don't know, and go wandering about, you'll get so tired you'll have to stop before you have found the things you would have liked among the best of all.

As you go toward Versailles you can be thinking about some of the things in French history that kind of *explain* why Louis XIV felt he had to build this enormous palace.

France had been having a lot of kings who

didn't amount to much. After Henry II died (he was Catherine de Médicis' husband) there were his three sons, all bossed by their mother. Nobody respected any of them. Then there was their brother-in-law, Henry of Navarre, who was Henry IV. He was a fine king, and people were just beginning to realize it, when he was assassinated by a crazy creature; and the new king (his oldest son) was a little boy, Louis XIII, only ten years old, with a perfectly horrid mother, Marie de Médicis, who bossed everything, and made a mess of it, too. Her little boy never learned to be his own boss, let alone anybody else's. He's the King in 'The Three Musketeers,' and Richelieu was much more the head of France than he was.

Louis XIII was married to his first cousin, Anne of Austria (you know how much about her there is in the 'Musketeers') and, they didn't like each other a *bit*.

For a long, long time they didn't have any children. Then they had two little boys (you're going to eat dinner, we hope, at Saint-Germain just outside the room that their first little boy was born in), the eldest of whom became Louis XIV when he was only five years old.

For a long time France was ruled by Anne of Austria and an Italian cardinal she was awful fond of. His name was Mazarin. Anne let him do whatever he wanted to with the kingdom, and the people got so disgusted and mad that they started a war to get rid of him. Some of them said that he and Anne were secretly married.

So, when Louis XIV was old enough to act as

King, he found that kings weren't being much respected in France, and the great nobles had gone back to being very splendid and very powerful on their magnificent estates, and to feeling that the King wasn't much and they were everything. This was the very thing that Louis XI had such a lot of trouble to break up, nearly two hundred years before. (You'll think about that when you see the dungeons at Loches.)

Louis XIV could see that if he was going to be a real king, he'd have to make a regular job of it. And he *did!* You hear lots of stories about him that make you think he wasn't much but a ladies' man. But if you think that, you're terribly mistaken. He was a king who cared more about his job than about anything else in the world. And his job was certainly a stiff one.

He had, when he was a young man, a Superintendent of Finance (what we'd call a Secretary of the Treasury) named Fouquet. And Fouquet built himself a new palace, not far from Fontainebleau, and had such magnificent entertainments that everybody was far more anxious to go to them than they were to go to the King's. Louis was kind of shabby by comparison. So, one day he went to Vaux (that was Fouquet's place) to see it. And he was sure-enough surprised! He had never even dreamed of such elegance.

Of course he began to wonder where Fouquet got so much money, or whose money it really was. So he put Fouquet in prison. Then he decided that he must make people stop talking about the splendors of private houses, and talk about the

splendors of the King; that he must get his nobles away from their own estates, where each of them was like a little king, and make them stay around him at Court and realize that France had only one King and *he* was that one.

So he started to build Versailles. There was a hunting-lodge or small château there that his father had built. But the place seemed about the last one that anybody would choose to make a magnificent court in. That's why Louis chose it! He had 30,000 men put to work there at one time! And the place cost him about $75,000,000!

Ten thousand people could live in the palace and the buildings belonging to it. They weren't all comfortable — hardly any of them were comfortable, even the King! — but if you wanted to *be* anybody or have anything, in those times, you had to stay as close to the King as you could get; and *forget* about comforts! For Louis saw to it that only the nobles, and others, who stayed around and kind of worshipped him, got any favors. He was showing them who was *boss!*

You miss the big story that Versailles has to tell you, if you don't think about what happened there in Louis XIV's time, when it was built, and then what happened there in Louis XVI's time, when it was hardly more than a hundred years old.

There's the immense palace to see, and the grounds or gardens that are so big hardly anybody ever sees more than a fraction of them; and there are two Trianons or 'little' houses, and their grounds, and the stables with the gorgeous gold

carriages like fairy-tale coaches. All this, and the very interesting town of Versailles itself. No wonder most people have an awful time trying to see them all in what's left of a day after visiting Malmaison.

We think the best way to do is to go straight to the palace and see as much there as you can before lunch time. Then have the afternoon for the other parts or places.

LOUIS XVI DIDN'T LIKE GIRLS

One of the first things you see in the palace is the chapel, where Marie Antoinette was married. She was only fifteen, and Louis was seventeen.

When we were very small and Nannie used to tell us about this wedding, she'd always make us laugh by imitating Louis when the Court officials came to get him out of his shop, where he was all smeary and dirty and having a happy time, and made him wash *very* clean and put on white satin clothes; and he'd keep saying:

'I don't want to be married! I don't like girls! I don't see why I have to be all dressed up and married, when I want to work in my shop.'

Maybe he didn't really say it just like that. But we liked the story that way; it made us laugh, and it made us remember it. She always told us the kinds of things that we could understand and that we liked to hear over and over again. That's how we got to feel so well acquainted with people in history. So, when we stood in the balcony of the chapel at Versailles, looking down and imagining we could see the Court there, everybody

dressed up to the limit for the royal wedding, we could almost believe we saw Louis dragging his feet and going along like a boy doing something he doesn't want to do at *all*, on the way to the altar; and his naughty old gran'pa, Louis XV, kind of chuckling at a grandson of his not liking girls. But when Louis XV was a boy he was very bashful, himself. He got over it, though! And Louis XVI never did; that is, he never got to be a ladies' man, though he grew very fond of his wife — but not for ten or twelve years or so. You really have to know that, so as not to be too hard on Marie Antoinette when she was frivolous. Louis hardly paid any attention to her, but stayed in his workshop, or went hunting, and didn't like any of the things she liked to do. And finally (it was long after they became King and Queen) her brother, the Emperor Joseph II, came to Versailles and scolded them both, and said it was no way to do. So they tried to be more devoted to each other; and then they found out that they were really very fond of each other. And when their children came, they were very happy parents — till the black clouds got so terrible.

After you see the chapel, you go into a room made where the first chapel of the palace used to be — a smaller one — in which Louis XIV was secretly married, late at night, to Madame de Maintenon. It tells about this wedding in Conan Doyle's story called 'The Refugees."

Then you start walking through the gorgeous rooms that were the 'grand apartments' of the kings. The next-to-the-last of these, called the

Salon d'Apollon, was the throne room. After that comes the Salon de la Guerre, at one end of the famous Galeries des Glaces or Gallery of Mirrors, which is 235 feet long — the most magnificent ballroom you could imagine, with the most beautiful views from its seventeen windows on the gardens. Opposite each window is a mirror the same size as the windows, and reflecting the views.

It was in this gallery that King William I of Prussia was crowned German Emperor after his success in the Franco-Prussian War, of 1870. And here that the German Empire ceased to exist, in 1919, when the Treaty of Peace was signed between the Western Allies and Germany. That empire lasted less than half a century.

At the other end of the Gallery of Mirrors you go into the Salon de la Paix (or Salon of Peace: the kings' apartments end in the Salon of War) and begin going through the grand apartments of the queens.

Only three kings (Louis XIV, Louis XV, and Louis XVI) ever lived at Versailles; and three queens, all named Marie, as their husbands were all named Louis. There was Marie-Thérèse, Louis XIV's wife; and Louis XV's wife who was named Marie Leczinska; and Marie Antoinette.

You see the room where two of those Maries died. And you think of the prison cell from which the other Marie went to her death on the scaffold in what is now the Place de la Concorde. That room was hers, too. Her children were all born in it. She slept in it the last night she spent at

Versailles — the terrible night when the mob from Paris was camped in the palace courtyard. She was there when the mob broke into the palace, in the morning, and three of her Swiss guards were killed in a near-by room, defending her.

The next room was the queens' salon, and the one after that is the one where the queens used to dine, and anybody could stand and stare at them doing it. The first time Benjamin Franklin was in Paris he was just a sight-seer, and went out to Versailles to stare about him and gape around. He saw one of those royal dinners eaten while the sight-seers shoved and crowded to get a better look. Maybe Benjamin shoved — a *little!* Anyway, he didn't dream that one day he'd come there as an Ambassador and everybody'd make a tremendous fuss over him.

And now we must tell you about a door in the queen's bedroom which we think is one of the most interesting doors in the world.

Poor Marie Antoinette used to be bored almost to death by the terrible etiquette and ceremony of the Court. But, though she was the Queen, she couldn't change it.

Nannie says that when she got up in the morning it would be something like this: a Very High Princess might be waiting for her to open her eyes, and when she saw them open, she'd tell a Pretty High Princess, who'd tell a Just Regular Princess, to tell a Duchess; and the Duchess would tell a Countess to get the Queen's chemise. Then the Very High Princess would help the Queen take her nightie off, and start passing it down the line to

the Pretty High Princess and all the rest. And the Countess would start the chemise going up. But there'd always be quite a while when the nightie was going down and the chemise was coming up, that the poor Queen had to wait; and often it was cold in these huge rooms — and she even had to shiver. But everything had to be done 'just *so*.' All the grandees who lived at Court (as Louis XIV got them in the way of doing) had to have jobs; and they were very fussy about their jobs, for fear some one would get them away from them. There was a duchess or princess whose job it was, if a pin stuck in one of the royal babies, to pull it out. And if she happened to be hunting or anything like that, the poor baby had to yell till she could be brought to it.

MARIE ANTOINETTE'S LITTLE 'SECRET' ROOMS

Maybe this seems kind of exaggerated; but it isn't — *much!* Anyway, Marie Antoinette was bored to death with it. That was why she loved her Little Trianon so much. But she couldn't always get away from the great palace to go down to the Little Trianon. So Louis had a suite of the cunningest little rooms made for her out of a corridor. They are like a 'five-rooms-and-bath' flat — only there isn't any kitchen, or even any sleeping-room; just a boudoir and a rest room, and a little 'parlor' and *two* libraries, though Marie Antoinette didn't read much, and the bathroom — all tucked away behind the 'grand apartments,' so that, whenever Marie Antoinette could get the least little bit of 'time off' from the tiresome busi-

ness of being a queen, she could slip through that door we spoke of, into those tiny rooms, and be — not 'just folks,' but something nearer to it than she could be outside.

Louis XV had had a suite of small rooms made for him to escape to. It was in the bedroom of that suite, opening off his Council Room, that he died, of the black smallpox, in 1774 — two years before our Declaration of Independence.

HOW A GREAT KING DIED

Nearly sixty years before, in the room alongside the Council Room, Louis XIV died.

It was August, 1715. Louis XIV had been King for seventy-two years.

He was suffering terribly, with gangrene in his leg; and in his mind, too, he was full of distress. Of his six children that the Queen had borne him, only one lived to grow up. He was the Dauphin, and he died four years before his father. A few months after the Dauphin died, his eldest son and heir, the Duke of Burgundy, died, and so did the Duke of Burgundy's wife and his eldest little boy! So the three direct heirs to the Crown were all swept away in a few months. And the old King knew that he was 'going on' and leaving the terribly serious problems of his kingdom to a poor little baby king.

We stood a long time in that room where Louis XIV died. The great bed there is not the real one that he died on, but is a copy of it. Parts of the room — like the balustrade behind which the bed stands — are the real ones of his day.

The doctors were afraid to tell the King he was dying. So his old wife had to do it. She was eighty years old, and had lived at Versailles for about thirty-five years, more than thirty-one years as the King's wife, but not his queen. She, too, had a suite of little rooms, where the King spent much of his time, talking with her and working at his papers; but when she came out of those rooms into the great apartments, she was only the Marquise de Maintenon and had to rank below most of the Court ladies, although they probably knew she was the King's wife. But it wasn't a State marriage; he couldn't make her Queen, powerful as he was!

She told him he was going to die, and he said his one regret was in leaving her, but he knew they couldn't be separated very long. He thanked her for all the good she had been to him, and said he was sorry he hadn't been able to make her happier. Then he asked to have his little great-grandson brought in.

As Nannie described it all to us (she read a French history-book about it in which it tells everything about those last days of his almost minute-by-minute, so that Nannie says sometimes she can hardly believe she wasn't there, in that room, all through those days) we could just *see* the scared-to-death little Louis sitting in a chair beside the bed of his august great-grandfather and listening, or trying to listen, to what the old man was saying:

'My dear child, you who are about to become the greatest King in the world, never forget that you owe everything to God.'

Louis XIV died on Sunday morning, September 1, at 8.15. He was born on a Sunday morning of early September (the 5th) at Saint-Germain.

The courtyard where his statue now stands was full of people who had come out from Paris when they heard the King was dying.

And when he was dead, the Grand Chamberlain, wearing a black-plumed hat, stepped out on the little balcony overlooking the court, and cried, 'The King is dead!'

Then he changed his black plume for a white one, and went out again and cried, three times, 'Long live King Louis the Fifteenth!'

Then somebody went to look for Louis XV and show him to his people — and they found him in a cupboard, scared to death and crying.

One day in 1774, the Grand Chamberlain of

that day came looking for Louis XV's grandson to tell him that he was now the King. And Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette fell on their knees, weeping, and said, 'God help us! We are too young to reign.'

So they were! Poor young things! Because France was having very troublous times.

LAFAYETTE SAVES THE LIFE OF MARIE ANTOINETTE

Fifteen years later, an angry mob (furious at them because they hadn't done a better job as King and Queen, and blaming them for many things which they couldn't possibly have helped, as well as for some they might have done better) came marching out here from Paris on a rainy, gusty day of early October, determined to make trouble.

Lafayette, although he was a marquis and had been a close friend of the King and Queen, had become Republican through helping *us* to be a Republic, and he was the Commander of the National Guard of France — the people's soldiers, you might say, who need not fight, at the King's commands, *against* the people, but might fight for the people against the King.

When he heard that the mob had started for Versailles, he got his Guards together and came hurrying out to keep the people from breaking loose and doing a lot of harm.

He thought they were quieted down, about two o'clock in the morning, so he left the palace and went to his own house in Versailles, to get a little

sleep. While he was gone, the people in the courtyard woke (they were wet through, and cold, and hungry), and stormed the palace, and three of the Queen's Swiss Guards were killed in her own apartments. She fled through a sort of secret passage, to the King's apartments, where their two children were soon brought to them. Their eldest boy had died just a few months before; and not long before that they had lost a dear little baby girl named Sophie; so they had just one boy and one girl left. The girl was eleven and the boy was only four and a half.

The mob outside howled for 'The Queen.' So she took her children and went out on that balcony of the room where Louis XIV died. Lafayette went out with her. But the people shouted, 'The Queen alone!'

She pushed the children back into the room and faced the crowd. Some people pointed guns at her and were going to shoot, but when they saw how calm and courageous she was they didn't fire. Lafayette stepped beside her and kissed her hand, very, very respectfully. Then some one cried, 'Long live the Queen!' and others cried, 'To Paris!'

There was a hurried packing and getting ready; and at one o'clock they left for Paris, with the mob, and none of them except Marie Antoinette's little girl ever saw Versailles again.

Oh! there's so much to tell about Versailles that we don't know how to stop.

We love the paintings that tell French history in pictures. We can't get enough of these, and

hope to keep going and going to them every year as long as we live. But if you go to Versailles just once, you really can't take much time for them. We think you ought, though, to take time for a glance at the room in the south wing where the Presidents of France are elected.

You can get into the gardens through a door leading out from the cloak-room where you enter the palace. But they are so big that it doesn't pay to go into them for just a few minutes. It is better to get luncheon, and go back to them after you have seen the Trianons; and stay as long as you can. There are a number of lovely places to lunch, at Versailles. The ones we know best are at the Trianon Palace Hotel, where you can eat out on the terrace, and the Reservoir Hotel, nearer the big palace, which used to be Madame Pompadour's house. A thing to do that children enjoy is to go out into the gardens through that door we told about (in the cloak-room) and keep walking straight ahead, down the great lawn they call the Green Carpet (or Tapis Vert) to the Basin (or fountain) of Apollo, and around that to the beginning of the Grand Canal.

Louis XIV used to have water fêtes on this canal, and gondoliers from Venice who lived in Little Venice (Petite Venise) near the beginning of the Canal. There's a restaurant, close to Little Venice, where you can eat lunch. Then you can take a motor boat on the Canal, and to the Grand Trianon which Louis XIV built so he and Madame de Maintenon could have a house where she didn't have to be at the tail of every procession. In that

small mansion, she could be 'Mrs. Louis,' though she wasn't Queen Françoise. Most of the things there now belong to the time of Napoleon, who lived at the Grand Trianon when he came to Versailles.

The Little Trianon was built about eighty years later, for Louis XV, not long before he died. Louis XVI gave it to Marie Antoinette, and she loved it because when she was there she could get away from a good deal of the tiresome etiquette of the Court. Down there she had about her only the people she invited — those she liked. And in the gardens she had her little 'play village,' with a mill and a dairy and a cottage and other cutey buildings where she and her very best friends could play at making butter and doing other interesting things which are really lots more fun than being a queen.

We played and played in those grounds of the Little Trianon and we wish we knew some magic we could use so that every child who loves such things could play there too, at least once. If you can do it even once, then you can keep on doing it, in your memory, for ever after.

Marie Antoinette was down there, thinking very sadly about many troubling things, when servants from the big palace came to tell her she'd better come back up there because the mob from Paris had come, or was coming. When she left, to go to the palace, it was for the last time. She really stopped being a queen that day, or the next; though she was called a queen for nearly three years longer, she had nothing to say, and was

really a prisoner, although she lived in the Tuileries and not in prison. After the Reds of the Midi and their Paris friends stormed the Tuileries (that

August day in 1792 when the Swiss Guard was slaughtered) she was a prisoner only and was no longer called a queen. It was just a little more than four years from the time she last saw her Trianon gardens and Versailles, until she was executed.

Between the Grand Trianon and the Little Trianon is the building where the fairy-story gold coaches are. And near there is a gate into the park or gardens of the big palace. If you lunched at the Reservoir or the Trianon Palace Hotel, you could come through that gate, after seeing the gold coaches, and turn to your right down a broad avenue leading straight to the boats on the Grand Canal.

Then, after riding around that, you could wander in the gardens as long as you liked, and watch the children playing there.

SAINT-GERMAIN HAS A CASTLE, TOO

If you go to Saint-Germain, which is about eight miles, hoping to see anything of that castle (which would make a staggering sort of day), you should leave Versailles by three o'clock. If you are going to Saint-Germain just for dinner and to drive in the forest and walk in the gardens and on the magnificent terrace, you can stay at Versailles much longer.

The Kings of France have had a castle at Saint-Germain (ten miles from Paris) ever since long before Richard the Lion-Hearted's day; but the one that's there now is only about four hundred years old. It looks older, though! It is a museum,

now, full of things that show how people did things in France from the times of cave-dwellers and lake villages, down through Roman days to the time of Charlemagne. There's a great deal there that's very interesting if you have anybody who can explain it to you in an interesting way. Boys will be sure to like it; and we know that *some* girls do, too!

There are some stories about the castle that we like. Louis XIV, who was born in a newer castle a little way down the hill, let his aunt, Henrietta Maria, live in the older castle after her husband, King Charles I of England, was beheaded. And after that, he let his cousin, James II of England, live there when the people of England wouldn't have him any more. James died there.

But the big excitement at Saint-Germain is the hotel in part of the newer castle where Louis XIII died and Louis XIV was born, which is all that's left of the castle down the hill. Louis XIV was born in the part which is now the hotel. And it was in that hotel that Dumas wrote some of 'The Three Musketeers' and of 'The Count of Monte Cristo.'

The terrace of the hotel, where you dine, has one of the most magnificent views any one could wish for, looking away off toward Paris. They have fine parties out there some evenings, with exhibition dancers, and handsome dolls for favors, and fireworks. Lots of fun! We go there very often, and never get tired of it. One Sunday when we went out there for lunch, we saw a fine military tournament given for the benefit of the Red Cross.

FONTAINEBLEAU AND BARBIZON

Another day trip out of Paris that nearly everybody 'does' is to Fontainebleau where the French Kings had a residence for just about as long as they had one at Saint-Germain. They loved to hunt in that glorious forest. And so do *we!* (That was the first place we hunted vipers with Robert.)

We didn't care such a lot about the palace, because you have to go through it in a crowd, with a guide who jabbers French, and Nannie couldn't tell us anything while he was talking — and when he was through, he made us 'move on.' There were dozens of things we wanted to look at, but there was hardly time for anything but just shuffling along. We wanted to look longer at Napoleon's throne, and his baby's cradle, and the little table where he signed his abdication; but we couldn't.

We loved the gardens better, and fed the old carp to our hearts' content.

The Hôtel de France, across from the palace, is a story-book kind of place, full of interesting old things that you could spend a week looking at.

And, best of all, is the forest! And Barbizon!

There are some enormous old trees in the forest, and a good many deer, and a Brigands' Cave, and everything you need for playing you're in stories of royal hunts and robber bands. And also there are glades where you feel sure that the fairies dance in the moonlight. There was no other forest, of all we got acquainted with, that had so many different kinds of scenery in it and made us think of so many different kinds of stories.

We'd like to remind you of a lot of things about that adorable forest. But we can see that we haven't got room.

And, now Barbizon! And Millet (pronounce him Me-lay).

He was a farmer's boy from up on the Normandy coast not far from Cherbourg where you get on and off the big boats. His father was a lot like Vergil's father, and taught him from the time he was a tiny boy to see and *feel* the beauty in grass and trees and other things all about them.

One day they were watching the sunset on the sea, and little François was trying to say how beautiful he thought it was. His father took off his cap as if he were in church, and bowed his head, and said: 'My son, it is God.' François always remembered that. It was his father's mother who gave him his name of François, after little 'Frenchy' of Assisi; and this Normandy boy had the same feeling about simple things that Saint Francis had — he felt God in them, and so they were great and important to him.

He had a lovely mother, too; but she helped her husband with the farm work, as French women do, and it was the Grandma who took most of the care of the children.

When it was time for François to get up in the spring or summer mornings she would bend over him and say, 'Wake up, my little François! The birds have long been singing the glory of our good God.'

François had a great-uncle who was a priest. He taught François to read, and told him many

stories of the French Revolution, when he came near losing his life. François was always following this old uncle around, when he was a little boy, and begging for more stories. He was only about four or five when his father asked the children what they were going to do when they grew up, and François said, 'I'm going to make pictures of men.'

He began drawing when he was very small, and his father soon saw that he had a real talent for it. So, as soon as he could, he took François to Cherbourg where there was a painter who had been a pupil of David — the painter who made the famous picture of Napoleon's coronation.

François took two of his drawings, to show this painter what he could do. And the painter wouldn't believe that the boy had done them. One of them was to illustrate a parable in the Gospel according to Saint Luke, and showed a peasant standing at the door of his house, on a starry night, giving a loaf of bread to a neighbor.

All his life, Millet kept that drawing hanging in his studio. It seemed to remind him that God had given him talent to paint, so he must be sure to use it as something that belonged to God.

In spite of nearly everybody recognizing that he had remarkable talent, Millet had a hard time getting on in Paris when he went there. He married, and had three babies, and sometimes it was more than he could do to buy them the barest necessities. Once when it was winter they had no fire and no food for two days.

There was another revolution in Paris (getting

rid of King Louis Philippe, France's last king) and also there was a lot of cholera. Millet wanted to get away from Paris, and find a peacefuller and healthier and cheaper place to live, where he could paint the kind of things he felt he ought to paint, and manage to live on whatever he could get for them. He had a friend named Charles Jacques, and *he* wanted to get away, too. Jacques said he knew of a village on the edge of the forest of Fontainebleau. He couldn't remember its name, but he thought it ended in *zon*.

Millet finally managed to get 1100 francs for a picture. He loaned his friend half of it, and they and their families got into a diligence, or stage-coach, for Fontainebleau. They were so happy to be going to the country that they forgot to ask about the village ending in *zon*, and passed right by it (at least, very near to it), but didn't get out until their coach stopped at Fontainebleau. After a few days there, the two men set out to look for the village, and a wood-cutter in the forest helped them find the path that led to it — which is not far from the Brigands' Cave. They were delighted with the village, where there were already a number of painters whom they knew. So, next day, they brought their families. Millet lived there twenty-five years — all the rest of his life.

We visited his cottage. A painter and his wife live there now, and they were very nice to us. We were in the studio where 'The Angelus' was painted, and 'The Gleaners,' and most of Millet's other very famous pictures. We were very, very interested in that visit and can never forget it.

When we left Barbizon, we drove to Chailly where Millet is buried in the country churchyard. And on the way, we stopped to look at the plain as you see it in 'The Angelus' — as Millet painted it. Of course, after this we could hardly wait to get to the Louvre and see 'The Angelus' and his other pictures there. We feel as if we had almost watched him painting them.

Of the other excursions which some people make in day trips out of Paris, we won't tell in this chapter; because each of them belongs in one of the other chapters we're going to write.

CHAPTER V

NORMANDY

THERE is hardly any other part of France you read more about and hear more about than Normandy. The stories of Normans, not just in Normandy but pretty nearly all over Europe, are as thrilling as any in the world, and as important to know about.

Normandy is the first part of France that most people see — if they are coming over from England by some routes, or landing at Cherbourg or Havre. If you can't go many places in France on your first visit, you can have a marvellous time in Normandy, and learn 'a million dollars' worth' of things that interest you and help you in school and in nearly everything *out* of school.

Normandy has heaps of things that children love — fine seashore, wonderful orchards and gardens, beautiful old farms; hills and castles and quaint old towns; story-booky houses and grand, 'spooky' ruins, and adorable little old inns, and fascinating shops, and good things to eat. And stories! Almost every stick and stone has at least one story about it.

And when you get so interested in it all, as *we* did, and in how the Norsemen became Normans, you'll probably want to do just as we did: go up, the next year, to Norway to see where they came from, and get better acquainted with Vikings and other Norsemen.

Well, about Normandy! There is such a *lot* to say! Where shall we begin?

You really need to make a kind of round-trip through Normandy, from Paris back to Paris, if you don't want to miss some of the best parts. And there are two ways you can do it: You can go down to Chartres and out to Mont-Saint-Michel, and then up to Bayeux and Caën and along the coast to the mouth of the Seine and up the Seine to Rouen and beyond. Or, you can go down the Seine to Rouen, and take it in the opposite direction. Whichever way you do it will make a wonderful journey. We did it several different ways — we loved Normandy so much — and we can't say that any one is THE best. But we think there certainly isn't a *better* way than going straight to Rouen. You can go by train in a little under two hours. Or, if you motor, you can go in half a day.

Of course, we like motoring about a million times better than trains; because in a motor you get so much *closer* to people and places, and can stop where you want to and get out and look as long as you like, or play. But if hiring a car is too expensive, you can take the train to Rouen and make some fine trips out from there. Then, go down the river by boat or train or auto-bus, and get auto-buses along the seashore and into Caën. And so on. We want to tell you how very easy it is, so you'll be SURE to go! If you know just how to do it, and can tell your parents when you are all planning your trip together, they will be almost sure, we think, to let you do it. So we're going to tell you how to surprise them.

If they say, 'Where do you want to go, in Normandy? And how long does it take?' and things like that, 'like parunts does' (as Riley said), you can be all ready for them if you have read this chapter.

If they want to, they can take *your* plan of the trip into any good travel office and get all the tickets, and coupons for the hotels and for the bus-rides and boat-rides, and everything; and know before they start just how much it is going to cost, and that they will find rooms reserved for them, everywhere, and won't have to make any bargains or pay any bills or give any tips — just enjoy themselves and not worry about anything. We tell you this in case they might be kind of timid about starting off into the country — afraid they wouldn't know just how to do. The more you know about it, the more likely you are to get

this trip which is so very, very, very important for you to have. We wouldn't take up so much of our precious space with these remarks if we didn't know that few of the children who get to Europe get into Normandy except to whizz *through* it on a boat train.

Pretend that you have made your arrangement and are at the station (in France they call it a *gare*) ready to take the train. The station you go from is called Gare Saint-Lazare (or Saint-Lazarus) and is the one you came in at if you came to Paris from Le Havre or Cherbourg. Trains go out, and come in, on numbered platforms, just as they do at home; and if you can't find which track the Rouen train is on, the porter who is carrying your bags from the taxi knows where it is. And, besides, there are always interpreters standing around. One thing they have at French stations that we don't have is this: if you want to go through the gates to see anybody off, or meet some one right at the train, you have to buy a ticket! It costs about one cent, and you get it out of a slot machine, like gum.

You know the cars are not long, open-from-end-to-end cars like ours, but have compartments opening off a corridor. They are vestibuled cars, like ours. And each compartment has seats for six or eight people.

You go out toward the forest of Saint-Germain, to a place called Maisons-Lafitte, where there is a fine château with a museum in it; and a race-track. Soon you come to Poissy, a lovely old town where Saint Louis was born and where the church

is that he was baptized in. And in a little while you stop at Mantes. Twenty-one years after his conquest of England, William the Conqueror was at Mantes, fighting and burning his way to Paris because he was so mad at the King of France for refusing one of his demands. He burned Mantes; and his horse, stepping on hot cinders, fell and threw William off, and rolled over on him.

William was very fat; his men had a lot of trouble carrying him to Rouen, where he died, six weeks later.

Twenty miles before you reach Rouen is the station Saint-Pierre-du-Vauvray— where you'd get off to drive to Richard Cœur-de-Lion's 'saucy castle,' Château Gaillard, if you wanted to stay at the perfectly darling little old inn, near the castle, at Le Grand-Andely. This inn is called the Grand-Cerf, or Big Stag, and is one of the nicest places you could wish to stay. The proprietor's wife is an American and a Wellesley College girl. The inn is exactly like a story-book. And that is a lovely country to roam around.

But, if you haven't time enough on this trip to stay there, you'll surely visit there on an excursion from Rouen; and can see if you wouldn't like to go back, another time, and stay much longer.

YOU GET TO ROUEN

Well! finally you get to Rouen. And there you'll find a fine hotel, called Hôtel de la Poste, on rue Jeanne d'Arc. Across from it, leading to the Old Market-Place where Jeanne d'Arc was burned, is a street named for William the Con-

queror, and another named for Rollo, the Norseman who was the first Duke of Normandy.

And when you go the other way on rue Jeanne d'Arc, what do you suppose the first street you come to is named? Good-Children Street!

Rouen is so full of beautiful and interesting things that it is called the 'Museum Town,' or Ville Musée. And a good way to begin seeing it, we think, is to go up rue Jeanne d'Arc, past Good-Children Street (rue des Bons-Enfants) to where you turn down a little street to the Jeanne d'Arc Tower. This tower was the donjon-keep of the old castle of Rouen, and is all that's left of it. It is a good place to tell stories about Norsemen and Normans.

Norsemen were North men, from Norway, and Sweden, and Denmark. There wasn't enough at home for so many adventurers as they had, so they had to go to other countries. The Swedes mostly went to Russia, and the Danes to England, and the Norwegians to Scotland and Iceland and even to what is now the United States; and also to France.

Charlemagne had been dead only about twenty-five years when the first invasion came; but his great empire was all divided up. The French part of it had kings so feeble and no-account that they were called 'do-nothing' kings. It was pretty easy for the Norsemen to invade France.

They had boats about seventy feet long, with thirty-two rowers for each boat. There is a copy of the kind of boat they used, in Lincoln Park, Chicago, just across a couple of roadways from

our house. We have known it ever since we can remember. About sixty to seventy men could ride in each boat.

When they got to the mouth of the Seine, half of the men got out and stole horses, and rode along the banks; and the other half rowed the boats up the river toward Rouen which was there even before Julius Cæsar came.

If you were a Frenchman, and a Norseman came to carry off everything you had, and you shot him, the other Norsemen made not only you but also another Frenchman die, to pay the penalty. They went through the country killing and stealing and burning and not leaving behind them even so much as a dog to bark at them.

By and by, in 911 (when Charlemagne had been dead nearly a hundred years), there came Rollo

and his band of Norse ravagers, and they didn't leave as much in this part of the country as a plague of locusts would have left — not *nearly* as much! They got as far as Chartres, which they couldn't take and where they lost nearly seven thousand men. Then, as he couldn't get them *out* of his country, the King of France, who is known as Charles the Simple (or foolish), decided to give them the part they had left so bare, and let them stay there if they would be baptized. (They were heathen.)

They said they'd agree. But what were they to live on until they could get things growing again? So Charles told them they could go and pillage Brittany, which he wasn't king of. And they did! But first they got baptized, at Rouen, and Rollo changed his name to Robert and became the first Duke of Normandy.

And very soon Robert made such strict laws, and enforced them so severely, that Normandy was the best-policed and regulated part of France. People didn't need locks on their houses; they could leave their farm implements lying out all night and nobody took them; and in the markets, if any one charged too much or said a thing was 'best quality' when he knew it wasn't, he was punished as a *thief!*

The Norse men married French girls, and their children were not able to speak any language but French. These were the Normans who went down into Sicily and southern Italy; who helped their Duke William conquer England; who went on the Crusades. They built beautiful churches

and abbeys and castles wherever they went. They were pretty 'greedy and grabby' when they went adventuring (and sometimes when they stayed at home!), but they were wonderful people and we owe a lot to them, as we have tried to tell you in our book on 'Where It All Comes True in Scandinavia.' The Romans were greedy and grabby, too; but if they hadn't been, the story of mankind would have missed a good deal that is fine, as well as some things that were ruthless and caused much suffering.

William the Conqueror was at the castle of the Dukes of Normandy, in Rouen, when he heard that Harold had been crowned King of England, although Harold had sworn to support William's claim to the crown. William was furious!

After his conquest of England, Kings of England were Dukes of Normandy, too, until horrid King John murdered poor young Arthur, his nephew, in this castle at Rouen (or had him murdered) and the King of France, Philippe-Auguste, who had gone crusading with Richard Cœur-de-Lion, said John had forfeited his right to Normandy by committing murder.

You see, the Duke of Normandy was a vassal of the French King and had to obey him in some things; that was the custom of feudal times, and part of the bargain Charles the Simple made with Rollo. A duke could boss his own duchy pretty much to suit himself except in a few things; but in those things he had to 'mind' the King.

Now, John was King in England; but in France he was just a duke. And when Philippe-Auguste

said that he wouldn't let a murderer be Duke of Normandy, it was really because he wanted to get Normandy for himself (or for the Kingdom of France, which was building up, very fast, from a collection of counties and duchies into a united country). John tried to hold on, but the French King fought him and beat him.

JEANNE D'ARC

After that, the English had no rule in Normandy for more than two hundred years — till Jeanne d'Arc's time — and then they were masters of a good deal of it for about thirty years or so, toward the end of that Hundred Years' War they fought to make their kings the kings of France too.

They did crown their little Henry VI as King of France, in Notre Dame at Paris, as you probably know, and thought they had the French licked to a finish, when Jeanne d'Arc rose up and put new faith and courage in the poor French who had suffered so much.

No wonder the English were glad to buy her from the Burgundians who had captured her at Compiègne!

It isn't believed that she was imprisoned in that tower called by her name, although she may have been 'questioned' there. But if you look at the house numbered 102 in that street, you'll see a tablet on it which says it stands where the other tower was that she was imprisoned in.

We walked from there to the Old Market-Place where she was burned. And as we walked along,

Nannie said we ought to remind ourselves of certain things about those days — things we had talked about when we saw Bernard Shaw's play of 'Saint Joan.'

We were only about seven and nine when we saw that play. But we have known our Jeanne d'Arc history ever since we were babies. She was the very first person out of history that we ever got acquainted with; when we couldn't understand hardly anything about her. Nannie thinks that what made us interested in her was that 'she got all burned up.' We were just about the age, then, when our elders were trying to teach us how dangerous it is to light matches or play with fire. And Betty was looking at the colored pictures in Boutet de Monvel's book about Jeanne d'Arc, that Nannie has; and spied the one of Jeanne tied to the stake and about to be 'all burned up.' So of course she asked about it, and why she was tied and set fire to.

She was far too little to understand why Jeanne d'Arc fought like a soldier, or where or what France is, or when it all happened, or anything except that the men who were lighting the big fire to burn her were soldiers of a king who wanted to be king of Jeanne's country, too; and that good young girl had tried to keep him from grabbing her country (Betty didn't know what 'a country' was, but she knew a good deal about grabbing and how horrid it is, what*ever* you grab), so his soldiers caught her and burned her all up.

From that time on, Nannie spent a good deal of time answering questions about Jeanne d'Arc —

beginning with 'Where did she *go* to when she was all burned up?' — and always telling us just as much as she thought we could understand.

Betty asked her if the bad, burning soldiers were Germans, and Nannie said Yes; because it was while the Great War was still going on and everybody (even babies) was hearing about Germans burning French and Belgian villages and hurting the people. And if Nannie had said the burning soldiers were English, that would get Betty all mixed up; because the French and English were fighting as friends in this war.

When Betty learned to read, she said, one day: 'Why, Nannie! It was the *English* that Jeanne d'Arc was fighting — that burned her.'

And Nannie said Yes, it was.

'I thought the French and English liked each other,' Betty went on.

'They do!' Nannie declared.

'Then why did they fight?'

'Do you and Sisser like each other?' Nannie asked.

Betty knew what she meant.

So then Nannie explained why she hadn't told her, before, about the soldiers and their grabby king being English.

By the time we saw the Shaw play, we had the story pretty 'straight.' Then it was Sisser who asked: 'Wasn't Bishop Cauchon French?'

Nannie said he was.

'Then what was he doing in Warwick's tent?'

And Nannie explained a lot of things which she said that Bernard Shaw had just explained for

her, in the Preface of his book which is the Jeanne d'Arc play, printed.

He says we have to remember how things looked, in those days, to men like Warwick and Bishop Cauchon. Warwick was a great earl and a leader of armies; and how did he feel to have a young peasant girl stop minding her flocks and suddenly become a better general than he was? How could a great lord and fighter expect to hold his own and have all the plain people obey him and look up to him as wonderful, if a farm-girl who didn't even know her A B C's, could beat him as a leader of men? It looked very dangerous to him, if peasants instead of always doing what they were ordered to do by their lords, should get to thinking that *they* might lead, and give orders.

Then, there were the bishops, who believed that they were the ones who were in communion with God, and it was their business to tell the people what God wanted them to do. And here was a girl who said that God told her, all by herself, what to do. And she went and did it! Now, if everybody got to thinking that God was telling him what to do, what would become of bishops and priests?

And, really, if we put ourselves in their places and try to forget the things that we know but they couldn't know, it isn't hard to understand why they felt that Jeanne was a dangerous girl, and if they didn't make a terrible example of her, the world would soon be full of people doing their own thinking about what God wanted them to do,

and presuming to lead, whether they were belted earls or barefoot peasants.

This is just what the world was getting ready to begin doing! But Warwick and Cauchon couldn't see this coming — hardly *any*body could! So they naturally thought, just as millions of people still think, that any change in the old ways of doing things can only be a change for the worse; and unless they can keep things from changing, the world will go to the bow-wows.

Little Jeanne d'Arc didn't realize what they were trying to burn when they burned her. But we can realize. She was a peasant who led armies to victory and commanded the great lords and captains of France — made them suddenly able to fight off the English who had been winning over them for nearly a hundred years. She was a girl who didn't know her A B C's; and yet she said that Heavenly Voices told her what to do; and wouldn't admit that she couldn't understand God as well as the learned bishops could. So they burned her. But her spirit has been leading people ever since; her faith and her courage have made millions strong to do the right as their hearts told them to.

The bishops all reverence her now — she is a canonized Saint, and nearly every church in France has a shrine to her. The English reverence her, too. Everybody knows, now, that the little peasant girl from Domrémy was the captain of a greater army than that of France's king; that she led the world to believe that very simple hearts can understand God's directions, and very hum-

ble persons are often his choice to be the great leaders of their fellow-men.

These are the things that make you thrill when you stand in the Old Market-Place of Rouen, and 'see' it as Boutet de Monvel pictured it that May day when poor little Jeanne was burned. You can't help wishing she could have had some vision, even a *little* one, of what it all meant, and how she

was going to be a greater leader than ever for France and for the world. She was so terrified of fire — poor little Jeanne!

After you have thought a lot about her, it is hard to think much about anybody else, at Rouen. But of course you have to.

WHERE THE LION-HEART IS BURIED

You think some about Richard the Lion-Hearted when you're in the beautiful cathedral, where his heart is buried.

We think Rouen Cathedral is one of the most interesting that we have seen; and while we liked the inside of it very much, especially the carved marble stairway to the library, we thought the outside was even more beautiful. Walk all around it, and see it from every side. Back of it is what used to be the Archbishop's house, where Jeanne d'Arc was sentenced to death.

There is a church, not far from the Cathedral, called Saint-Ouen, that is even more beautiful, and bigger. The holy water font near the door is a big stone basin with a good deal of water in it. And when you look in the water you see the inside of the church mirrored there. It is very lovely. Behind this church are gardens which used to belong to the Abbey of Saint-Ouen where poor little Jeanne, who was so afraid of fire, swore it was not God but the Devil who counselled her. Afterwards, she 'took back the swear,' and went to her death. Part of the Abbey where she swore is now the City Hall of Rouen.

Rouen has some beautiful things yet, that were

there in Jeanne d'Arc's day; and many parts of the town look as you think they must have looked when she was there. The streets are like pictures

and lots of them look very familiar because you've seen so many pictures of them. Be sure you don't miss the one called rue Eau-de-Robec, which is near the gardens of Saint-Ouen.

You'll love the grand old Clock Tower; and the Palais de Justice.

There's a museum that has many interesting things in it — though in Rouen you never have to go *indoors* to see beautiful pictures and historic things.

Did you ever wonder about the word 'exchequer'? You know, 'Chancellor of the Exchequer'! Long ago, in Rouen, some of the accountants in the duke's counting-house, 'counting up his money,' found that they could use the checker-board cloth on the tables to help them in their calculations. And from that, the stacking of the duke's moneys got to be called his *exchequer*.

Out beyond where the city walls used to be, and where now there are boulevards, is a church named Saint-Gervais that has a crypt said to be the oldest Christian structure in France. It belonged to the Abbey where William the Conqueror died.

If you go out there, and think about William, you can't help feeling sorry for him. Because he lay there suffering horribly for six weeks. His eldest son, Robert, wasn't with him. William Rufus was, and Henry; and all they seemed to think about was *who* was going to get *what*. Before he was dead, William had hurried off to England to grab *that*, and Henry collected the money his father willed him, and left the Con-

queror to wait alone, with only servants, for a greater Conqueror than he was — Death.

As soon as he was dead, everybody ran away and left his body. He didn't have a coffin, or anything. By and by the Archbishop of Rouen came; and he and a farmer from near by did what they could to get poor old William decently to Caën for burial in the great church he had built there.

One trip to take from Rouen (don't miss it!) is to Les Andelys and Richard the Lion-Hearted's castle, Château Gaillard. We'd like to write a lot about it; but we can see that we mustn't.

Another trip to make is down the river to Jumièges Abbey and Caudebec, and all the way to Le Havre if you can. Near Caudebec is a beautiful ruined abbey where Maeterlinck lived for a while. Maybe he wrote 'The Blue Bird' there. We don't know. But if you see that place (Saint-Wandrille) you wonder why a man who could live there and who could write that story would spoil it, at the end, by saying it was just a dream.

We can see that we're going to have a terrible time leaving out things we want to say about Normandy. It is all so beautiful and so full of stories and good times.

The coast from where the Seine's mouth is, quite a way along toward Caën, is just one string of seaside places — some of them very fashionable and expensive, others not so much so. What we like best of all along there is the old inn named for William the Conqueror — the most perfect story-book place you could imagine.

You can go down the Seine by boat from Rouen

in about five hours. Then, you can go along the seashore coast by motor-bus, and to Caën.

Caën has quite a lot of things in it for grown-ups, but not so much (we think) for children — except where William the Conqueror is buried and where his wife Matilda is buried (each in a separate church) and where their castle used to be. We liked to see Caën because Charlotte Corday lived there, and took the stage from there to go to Paris and kill Marat. Also, it is from Caën that you go in one direction to Falaise, where William the Conqueror was born, and in another direction to Bayeux, where you see that great long embroidery strip on which Matilda and her ladies-in-waiting embroidered the story of William's Conquest of England.

AN EMBROIDERY STORY-BOOK

That strip of cloth, nearly nine hundred years old, is the most interesting and most valuable piece of cloth in the whole world. They didn't make any pictures in those days; and if it wasn't for that embroidery of Matilda's we would hardly

know how things looked and how people did in William's time. And, besides, you get a better idea of the story of the Norman Conquest from that embroidery strip than from anything else we know of.

Lots of people seem to think that William just decided to go over and grab England. But it isn't like that, at all!

There were lots of Normans in England before William's Conquest. One of William's aunts (his father's sister, Emma) was married to two kings of England, Ethelred and Canute; she was the mother of two English kings and the stepmother of another, and the aunt of another — all these four part-Norman. One of her sons was Edward the Confessor. He lived in Normandy most of the time till he became King of England — which was when he was most forty. William was only about thirteen when his cousin Edward became King of England; but Edward had been living at the Norman Court ever since long before William was born. Edward wasn't married then, and the young Duke of Normandy was his natural successor. Many of the Normans were settled in England and getting along fine.

In a few years, Edward got married; but he didn't have any children. William went to England to visit his cousin Edward. And they talked about how, when Edward died, William would be the English king. But Edward had a wife who was not a Norman — she was a Saxon; and she wanted her brother Harold to be the next king.

Harold was engaged to be married to a little daughter of William; but he went off and married a Welsh widow, instead.

William's wife, Matilda, was descended from Alfred the Great; so that was another reason, she and William thought, why they should rule in England. When Harold was visiting them, in 1065, he swore very solemnly that he would help William to be King of England. But in just a few months Edward the Confessor died, and Harold got himself crowned king right away.

You can imagine how furious William was when he heard of this. And that's why he went over and fought Harold, at the battle of Hastings. He had grown up expecting to be King of England, and Harold cheated him.

William was 'grabby,' all right! But when he grabbed England, he really had heaps of reasons for thinking he had a right to it.

We hope you can see Falaise, where he was born. (They say that he began grabbing hold of things before he was an hour old!) And that you can visit Bayeux and see the embroidery and buy a book with it reproduced in colored pictures — a book that tells the story of William's 'life,' in good French and very funny English. Bayeux is a lovely old town.

MONT-SAINT-MICHEL

Then, from Caën you'll probably go to Mont-Saint-Michel on the coast, just where Normandy 'leaves off' and Brittany is about to begin.

You have seen dozens of pictures of this place.

Hardly any other place in the world has had its picture taken oftener.

The high rock on top of which the great abbey is built and up the side of which the little town climbs steeply, is really an island nearly a mile from shore. But so many visitors go there, and it was hard to get boats for them all, that there's a

kind of causeway or road built from shore to the island so you can drive right out there or even go in a train.

It is lots of fun to stay there for a night or two. The days are very interesting, but the nights are even more so.

The best time to visit it is right at and after the new moon and the full moon. Because then you

see the famous 'tides' which come rolling in faster than a horse can gallop.

Mont-Saint-Michel has a hotel that's very well known because Madame Poulard who used to keep it made the best omelets that anybody ever

ate. Ever so many books tell about those omelets. Madame Poulard is dead now, but the omelets are still made in her way, and you can watch them doing it. They are certainly 'yummy'! The hotel is in a number of different buildings — some down near the gate through which people enter the old walled town; and some cottages high up

on the rock, looking out to sea. One of the most romantic things that can happen to you is to wander up and down in that old town in the evening — walking on the ramparts or up and down the steep old streets, and imagining that you're away back in the times of Louis XI or Richard the Lion-Hearted or William the Conqueror, or anybody you prefer. King Arthur, maybe! He killed a dragon there.

If you can go on, to Brittany, you can follow what we tell in our next chapter.

If you can't do that, perhaps you'll go from Mont-Saint-Michel to Nantes (which is *in* Brittany, but over near the east edge of it) and along the Loire to visit the châteaux of Touraine that we tell about in the chapter after Brittany.

But if you have to get back to Paris very soon, you may take the train from Mont-Saint-Michel and ride all day (you have to change trains, twice) and get back to Paris in the evening.

There's a lot of Normandy we haven't mentioned. We haven't seen it all, by any means; but Nannie has, because she loves it so — she has seen it over and over and over and never gets enough of it; and she hopes we'll be that way, too.

If you can't take even four or five days for Normandy, you can go up to Rouen on an early train and spend most of a day there, and come home before bedtime. Or you can (if you get an automobile) go to Dreux, which is a nice old town and has woods up where its castle used to be. We played up there, and liked it a lot. Then we went on to Bois-Joly, which is at a place called Tilli-

ères-sur-Avre. That's where we ate out under the apple trees with the blossoms drifting down on us. And after lunch, you can even go to Chartres where the grand cathedral is, and return to Paris by way of Rambouillet where the old château is, now the country home of the French Presidents, and there are glorious woods and gardens.

CHAPTER VI

BRITTANY

BRITTANY is a great place for stories. Just about everything you see there has a story to it. But, except the King Arthur stories, and the Bluebeard stories, they are not such familiar ones that everybody in the world knows, like most of those about Normandy.

In quite a few places in Europe they tell you that 'this town was the first land that was uncovered after the Flood'; and things like that — to show how old they are. But in Brittany they seem to think of the Flood (Noah's Flood) as if it was day-before-yesterday. And they tell you that Brittany was the first land *ever!* At least, on this earth. Also, they say that the language which many Bretons speak came from the Tower of Babel. It isn't anything like French — any more than Welsh is like English.

The way Brittany got the name we know it by was this: When the island that we call Britain began to be invaded by a lot of barbarians from the northern countries, so many of the people who had been living there came over here that this section of old Gaul was called Brittany (it used to be called Armorica) and the land across the Channel that had been called Britain was then called Angles' Land, or England. (See what we say about the Angles in our first chapter on Denmark, in the book on Scandinavia.)

The people who came over here were Celts, like the people they found here. Cæsar tells about the Celts; and the things he said about them are still true. They like the places they are used to, and don't care much to roam. They like to go on and on working, in pretty much the same old way, at the same old important jobs like farming and fishing. They don't care for fighting except to protect their rights; but they will fight good and hard to do that. They don't like much mixing with strangers; they like to marry people of their own sort, and go on doing things in the way their forefathers did. They love the old, old stories of their people, and the customs of olden times; and because they're not always changing their styles and their ways of doing things, they are very interesting to painters and writers. Brittany always has a great many painters in it, making pictures of its scenery and its people and the quaint things they do. When you are visiting Brittany, you feel that you are in a 'once-upon-a-time' country that hasn't changed much. And we notice that a great many people, no matter how grown-up and smart they are, seem to like getting into that kind of country at least for a while.

We think that Brittany is fine for children. For one thing, it has miles of seashore and beautiful beaches. For another thing, the fisher-folk and others are so interesting to watch. Then, there are the stories! We always love a land that has lots of stories.

If you have been to Normandy and got as far as Caën and want to go on into Brittany, you can

take a motor-bus or auto-car there at half-past nine Monday or Wednesday or Friday morning, and get to Saint-Malo in Brittany at six in the evening, or stop before that at a place called Pontorson and take the little train over to Mont-Saint-Michel. This costs about $5 a person. And you stop for lunch at Vire, in Normandy — the place that vaudeville got its name from. There used, 'way back about Jeanne d'Arc's time, to be some very jolly men around Vire who, when they had drunk a lot of very hard cider, would sing and dance and do all kinds of 'stunts.' The songs and performances were called by the name of this locality, the Vaux de Vire, or Valley of Vire; and by and by that became *Vau-de-ville.*

There is also an auto-car that goes from Cherbourg, where many ocean steamers let off passengers for France, to Mont-Saint-Michel or Saint-Malo or Dinard, in about seven and a half hours. It costs about $7, and starts from Cherbourg at half-past nine on Tuesday, Thursday, and Sunday mornings.

Then, you can get an auto-car at Dinard (across the river mouth from Saint-Malo) and take a five and a half day tour around Brittany, that costs about $19 for the ride and around $16 for hotels — or, you can pay your own bills. Or you can take a beautiful Pullman auto-coach from Mont-Saint-Michel on Thursday morning and make a week's trip in Brittany; and then go back to Paris in another car of the same sort, reaching Paris Friday evening. This is one of the trips that Nannie planned, and is called for her. Mr. Lewis

runs it. His Paris office is at 12 rue d'Aguesseau.

CORSAIRS

Let's pretend that you have been at Mont-Saint-Michel, and from there have gone over to Saint-Malo, which is thirty-five miles farther west, on the north coast of Brittany. It is a little old walled town that used to be the home of many celebrated corsairs — which is a kind of stylish name for pirate; sometimes they are called privateers. People seemed to think it was a fairly legitimate kind of business to fit a ship with guns and go out on the high seas to steal whatever they could, long after they had stopped thinking you could do the same thing on land without being a highwayman. There are some fine old houses in Saint-Malo that were built by men who made their money as highway robbers of the seas; and it gives you a queer feeling to think of them coming swaggering home with a cargo of booty from ships they had scuttled far out on the lonely seas.

Nannie says we don't have to go far from home to see fine houses that corsairs have built; but she's glad the corsairs of nowadays don't hold up ships at sea. There's *some* improvement, she says.

You can walk on the walls of Saint-Malo, looking seaward, and pretend you're watching a corsair ship come in and wondering what it has aboard.

Boats from Southampton sail to this port; and

if you are coming over from England to visit Brittany, this is the way to do it.

About two and a half miles east of Saint-Malo is a splendid beach and seashore resort called Paramé. You might like to stay there. Or you might like to stay at Dinard, which is across the mouth of the Rance River from Saint-Malo. Many Americans and English stay at Dinard and the other resort places just beyond it. All along the coast, there, are ever so many hotels and boarding-houses (called *pensions*) and you can have all sorts of seaside fun and amusements, and

make as many excursions as you like, to fascinating old places.

We think that a wonderful way for children to spend a summer vacation would be to have a week or so in and around Rouen; then, as much time on the Normandy coast where they could get to places like Bayeux and Caën and Falaise. Then, ten days or so near Saint-Malo, with short trips to Mont-Saint-Michel and Fougères (which has one of the grandest old castles anybody ever saw) and to Vitré, which is such a picture-booky old town that almost *any* story could have happened there; and to the gorgeous old castle of Josselin; and so on.

Next, the five-day auto-bus trip we're just going to tell about; and then a stay at La Baule or Pornichet or some of the fine beaches just north of the Loire's mouth, at Saint-Nazaire. And after that, a slow journey back to Paris by way of the châteaux and Orléans, and Chartres.

That way, you could have heaps of sea-bathing, and tennis, and all sorts of outdoor fun; and nearly every day you could see something very interesting that would be a help to you in your school work and a pleasure to you to think about, always.

Well, now, we'll go back to where you are supposed to be, at Saint-Malo or somewhere near there. And we'll hope that one day while you were there you got on a little boat called a *védette* and rode up the river Rance to the perfectly darling old town of Dinan, where Bertrand du Guesclin fought his famous duel (that you've

probably seen pictures of) with Sir Thomas Cantorbery, while John of Gaunt looked on. We have a picture of it that we're going to try to put in this book so you can have it too.

DU GUESCLIN

Perhaps we'd better tell, first, about Du Guesclin at Rennes, the old capital of Brittany.

He was born about 1320 and was such a bad boy, and so ugly to look at and so quarrelsome, that his family was in despair about him. He wouldn't learn his lessons, and he was always fighting. His father used to lock him up. One day, Bertrand escaped, and found a horse and galloped in to Rennes, where there was a great tournament being held to celebrate a royal marriage. Bertrand, although he was only fifteen, managed to borrow armor and a horse used to tournaments. And he unhorsed the most famous jousting nobles of the day. Nobody knew who he was till after he was proclaimed victor. His father was present, and he certainly was surprised, and pleased, when he saw all the great court people making such a fuss over his bad boy.

You probably know what a very famous fighter Bertrand got to be. And all through Brittany you hear stories and stories about him.

The duel he fought at Dinan was because the Englishman, Sir Thomas Cantorbery, had violated a truce and seized Bertrand's brother and thrown him into a prison at Dinan. This made Bertrand furious, and he dashed into Dinan and challenged Cantorbery to a duel. It was a long

hard fight, the last part of it on foot, in their heavy tilting armor. But at last Bertrand rolled his enemy in the dirt, and was proclaimed victor; his brother was set at liberty, and Cantorbery was chased out of the English camp.

This was early in the Hundred Years' War that Jeanne d'Arc did so much to put to an end. Du Guesclin is buried in Saint-Denis with the Kings of France. He was France's Constable, and died in 1380 — half a century too soon to see a peasant girl do what he couldn't do.

It has taken a long time to get started on that auto-bus tour. But we're off now!

Your first day you go along the shore, through a lot of fine seaside places and spend the night at Saint-Brieuc. About the only thing we can think of to tell you about Saint-Brieuc is that it's a very pleasant town and near it is a summer school you might like to know about: a branch of the Institut de Panthéon in Paris. If you are studying French and want to learn a lot and have a good time, too, you can go to this summer school near Saint-Brieuc — board there, and have lessons, and everything. You have to promise that you won't talk any English all the time you're there. We know a lot of people who have done it, and they had a very good time and learned heaps.

The next day you go up (north, along the west shore of the Gulf of Saint-Malo, which is sixty miles wide) to Paimpol, where the Iceland and Newfoundland fishermen sail from. They go away to Iceland in February and to Newfoundland (in their little schooners!) at the end of March; and those who come back, come in August or September. But there are always some who don't return. You see the point of land where the women and children gather to watch for the home-coming boats and to see whose sons and husbands and brothers and fathers have got back safe from that long voyage in a wee little boat. There is a beautiful story called 'The Iceland Fisherman,' by Pierre Loti, written about Paimpol and its people. And just offshore is a beautiful, romantic island called the Île de Brébat, that

artists love to paint because it is so picturesque and has such wonderful vegetation. Lots of lobsters are caught there. You go next to Tréguier, which was founded in the sixth century, by a Welshman. There is a very fine church and in it Saint Yves is buried. Of all the saints he is the best-loved in Brittany unless it be Saint Anne. (Some of the Bretons believe that Saint Anne came from Brittany.)

Saint Yves was a lawyer. He was born in 1253, when Saint Louis was on his first crusade, and he studied in the Latin Quarter of Paris. He became a judge, and then a priest. He turned his house into an orphans' home, gave the clothes off his back to the poor, and was so charitable in every way that when his 'pardon' or festival is cele-

brated each year, for a week beginning on the 19th of May, the people of Tréguier who have comfortable or fine homes entertain hundreds of poor pilgrims, and try not to refuse anything they have, but to share all with their needy brethren, like Saint Yves did.

KING ARTHUR

After Tréguier you go to Trégastel, which is interesting because some people think that King Arthur's last days were spent around there, and that the Isle of Avalon where Arthur's buried is not far offshore from Trégastel. Sometimes, they say, you can see fisher-folk sitting on the shore peering through the dusk to see if King Arthur may not be coming back from Avalon to 'right the great wrongs which afflict humanity.'

That night you spend at Morlaix, which is believed to have belonged to the Kingdom of Lyonesse — you know! where Tristram was born and his mother, Blancheflor, died. When Mary, Queen of Scots, came to France, a little girl of six, with her four little playmates who were all named Mary, too, she landed seventeen miles north of Morlaix, in her mother's country, France, that she was to love so well, and to be Queen of for a short time; and she came down to Morlaix at once, and lodged in an old convent.

There are some very picturesque old houses at Morlaix, and the people you see in the streets look (many of them) as if they had just stepped out of their frames — especially the men with their broad-brimmed hats with long velvet rib-

bon streamers! And the women with their 'lobster-tail' caps, and their quaint little milk wagons.

Marshal Foch had a home just out of Morlaix.

The third day you go through many quaint places that we can't tell much about except that they all help to give you an idea of what Brittany is: picture people, hard at work doing things in a picturesque way; ruins that keep you reminded how old this country is, and full of stories; seashore all scalloped and slashed with bays and inlets and dotted with islands, and gay with holiday folks who seem to belong to a different world from the serious fisher-folk; and, most of all, the great crosses called Calvarys which are set up nearly everywhere and nearly always have sad-looking people praying at them.

If you go to Brittany in springtime, the broom plant is in bloom and the country seems to be blazing with gold. If you go kind of late in the summer, you see the purple heather in bloom. There are not nearly so many flowers as in Normandy, nor so much fruit. The houses are not so pretty as in Normandy; the gardens are not so charming; the country doesn't look so happy and comfortable; there are not nearly so many trees; even the children look as if they knew that pretty soon they'll be going out to sea in little fishing-boats and maybe not coming back; or staying on shore watching to see which boats are coming in.

'PARDONS'

In Brittany they have a great many celebrations called 'pardons.' These are partly religious

and partly for enjoyment and courting. The night before, pilgrims come from every direction. Some are barefoot and bareheaded; some are lame and some are blind; some bring their animals that have something the matter with them. They go to confession, there is a sermon, they pray and fast, and sometimes they walk in a torchlight procession, and drink at the holy well or kiss the tombstone of the saint, or do whatever is the special thing about that pardon.

The next day everybody turns out in the finest old costumes, that are kept in carved chests and only brought out on such occasions as these. Even the tiny children have rich costumes, and you never dreamed of anything so adorable as they are. Heaps of people are there photographing them and putting them into all kinds of pictures; and sometimes the littlest ones get scared, and cry. It is too bad to frighten them, and to make them feel that they are a kind of 'show.'

Each pardon is different from the others. At some, there is a ceremony of 'blessing the sea'; at others, the farm animals are blessed; at others, the blind; and so on. And after the blessing there is a fair, and dancing, feasting, singing, love-making.

One of the places you go through on your third day's ride is Sainte-Anne-la-Palud, where there is a very picturesque pardon on the last Sunday of August. At Locronan, near by, there is a pardon every year on the second Sunday in July; but every seventh year it is a 'grand pardon,' which lasts a week. Then, thousands of pilgrims make

a torchlight procession around the forest where Saint Ronan, an Irish missionary, lived as a hermit, in the fifth century. It is eight and a half miles around the wood, and the pilgrims walk all round it.

KING GRALON'S DAUGHTER

That night and the next you spend at Quimper. And the next day you make an excursion out from Quimper to the 'Bay of the Dead,' at the bottom of which the city of Ys is supposed to lie.

Long, long ago the city of Ys was ruled by a king named Gralon, who built a sort of reservoir to catch the water at high tide and keep it from overflowing onto his city. There was a secret gate to this reservoir, and King Gralon had the only key. One night, his daughter (who was a spoiled child) thought it would be fun to open that gate; so she stole the key and unlocked the gate, and the waters poured out in a terrible flood. The king snatched up the princess and was fleeing with her on a swift horse, when a voice cried out, 'Throw the demon thou carriest into the sea.' Whether he pushed her off, or she slipped, she was drowned, like the city of Ys and all in it; but her father got to Quimper. You'll see his statue between the towers of the cathedral. The princess became a mermaid; and the Bretons say that she sits on the beaches, sometimes, and combs her golden hair when the midday sun is shining. Also, she sings beautifully and tries to lure sailors to destruction.

Once her father recognized her, rising from the moonlit sea and singing. So, when he got to Heaven, he asked the Virgin Mary if she couldn't

stop his daughter's singing and causing the death of men.

The Virgin said she couldn't stop the princess's singing, but she could help good women, on land, to sing even more sweetly, so that their menfolk wouldn't be tempted by the mermaid. So, if you are a Breton girl and you want your sweetheart to like your singing better than that of the mermaid, you go to one of the three pardons of Rumengal, and sing and sing in honor of the Virgin, so she will make your voice sweeter than any siren's.

Quimper is a very interesting old town and many people make it their headquarters while they are exploring that part of Brittany. The market is delightful, and the shops are fascinating. Lovely Breton dolls for sale, and doll-size furniture copied from the famous kinds that are specialties of Brittany. One of these is the closed bed, a double-decker into which goodness-knows-how-many members of the family used to pile, some on the lower story and some on the upper, and then *shut the door!* All the air they got was through holes in the elaborate carving of the door. You wonder that anybody was alive to push the door open in the morning. But they were!

We advise you to be sure and get one of those closed beds, doll-size, whether you play with dolls or not. Grown-ups buy the big beds and have them made into cupboards; they are very handsome.

And of course you'll want to buy some of the very, very well-known Brittany china, much of which is made at Quimper, and painted with

Breton men and women in their picturesque costumes.

The very first thing we ever knew about Brittany was this china; porringers of it, and darling little pitchers to pour our own cream out of; and, best of all, a Breton man 'all dressed up' and pushing a load of vegetables. We could lift off the top of the load, and see what Grammie or Nannie had put underneath. He was meant for a mustard-pot, but he never had mustard in — only jelly or something else that we like. And a wee donkey with panniers — salt in one and pepper in the other. We had these when we were mere babies. And they were one of the reasons why we began, when we were very young, wanting to go to Brittany. Pretty soon we'll tell you another reason that we had when we were very small. There is a very interesting museum at Quimper, full of Breton furniture and costumes and china.

Another thing to buy, if you can, is a Breton costume to wear at fancy-dress parties and in school plays, and so on.

SARDINES

On the fourth day of this trip around Brittany the excursion you make out from Quimper is to Douarnenez, the principal 'sardine town' of France. About eight hundred boats from this one town alone go out after the silvery little fishes, with beautiful sea-colored nets which are hard for the sardines to see. We'll tell more about these nets, and the colored sails, and all the picture-

part of sardine-fishing, when we come to Concarneau. At Douarnenez, and the Pointe-du-Raz (the westernmost tip of Brittany), and Audierne (another sardine town you visit on your way back to Quimper), there are so many things we'd rather think about than sardines — although we like sardines! But how can you think about fish when you are told that Île Tristan, at Douarnenez, is the one where Tristan died just as Ysonde of Ireland arrived in her boat with the white sail, to cure him again of the gangrene in his old wound?

Off the Pointe-du Raz is an island called Île de Sein, where the Druids used to bury their dead. After that, the place was inhabited by wild, lawless people called 'sea devils' who lived on the wreckage of ships that were dashed to pieces on their rocks. There are streets in the wreckers' little town that are only a yard wide!

Talk about stories! The bells of Ys, which are believed to ring from beneath the waters of the Bay of the Dead where the city's buried! King Gralon's mermaid daughter combing her golden hair on the sunny sands or singing, in the moonlight, to lure sailors! Tristan, dying of his ancient wound and of bitter disappointment when his wife told him that the approaching sail was black — which she knew was to be the signal that his loved and loving Ysonde had refused to come and cure him — when really it was white, and Ysonde was almost at the Breton shore!

The fifth day you go from Quimper to Concarneau, a place that painters love — and no won-

der! There's a little old walled town on an island, where Du Guesclin besieged the English. There's the fleet of sardine boats with their butterfly-

colored sails. There are the beautiful big blue nets hanging up to dry and to be mended by the picturesque-looking women and girls. There are the quaint costumes of the fishermen. Lots to

paint, and to photograph! And a museum full of interesting things.

Then you go to Pont-Aven, another favorite place of painters, but very different from Concarneau; it is in a lovely valley, with many water-mills; and women kneeling at the river-bank

washing clothes; and others at cottage doors spinning, or knitting lace. There is a wood near by, called the 'Wood of Love,' which looks like a fairy glen, and is a wonderful place to paint in. The costumes of Pont-Aven are very picturesque.

After that comes a fine old town named Quimperlé, with a church built to look like the Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem. Also, a beau-

tiful old bridge with flowers growing out of the cracks and crevices in its stones.

THE MYSTERIOUS GREAT STONES

Next you go through Lorient, which isn't much to see, and Hennebont, which is very picturesque and interesting. And then you go to Carnac, where the mysterious great stones are (nearly

three thousand of them, arranged in long lines or avenues for what reason nobody knows) that were set ages ago for reasons that can only be

guessed at. One story about them is that Saint Cornelius, an early missionary to Brittany, was being chased by heathen, one day; and when he found no boat at the shore and knew he couldn't get away, he looked back and turned all his pursuers into stones.

When you have seen the stones, and maybe heard the children of the neighborhood recite a strange-sounding rigmarole about them, you go on through Sainte-Anne-d'Auray to Vannes. But if you were not on a regular tour, you could go down a long narrow peninsula to a place called Quiberon, where there's fine bathing; and from there you could at least look over towards Belle-Île, where Porthos, of the Musketeers, died — if you could ever think of Porthos as 'dead'!

Sainte-Anne-d'Auray is a place where a very celebrated pardon takes place, and old 'mysteries' or religious plays are acted by the peasants.

THE TOWN THAT VENICE WAS NAMED FOR

Vannes is supposed to be the town that Venice was named for. The Veneti, to whom it belonged, were very hard for Julius Cæsar to conquer. But he did it!

There's a great deal to say about Vannes; but we won't try to say much about it except that it is a very nice town to stay in and to make short excursions from.

In the square in front of the City Hall is a statue of a man whose tomb you'll probably see at Nantes: Arthur de Richemont. He certainly had

an adventurous life and knew a lot of people that we're interested in.

Arthur's father was a Duke of Brittany who was married first to the Black Prince's sister, and then to the Black Prince's stepdaughter, and lastly to a French princess, who was Arthur's mother. Arthur was named for King Arthur. He was only six when his father died. Just before he died, Arthur's father helped Bolingbroke (John of Gaunt's son) with vessels and men to go to England and have himself made King Henry IV. This was a strange thing for him (the Duke of Brittany) to do; because Bolingbroke became king by leading the rebellion against the Black Prince's son, Richard II.

When Bolingbroke left Vannes he gave Arthur's mother a little blue flower he had adopted for his symbol, and said, 'Forget me not.' And, ever since, that flower has been called 'Forget-me-not,' in English. She didn't forget him! Her husband died soon after that, and she married Bolingbroke, who was then King Henry IV of England. They were married in Canterbury Cathedral.

Arthur was nine when his mother went away to be Queen of England, and her uncle, the Duke of Burgundy, took her little boys to Paris to bring them up. He was fourteen when his uncle had the King of France's brother (the Duke of Orléans) murdered, and had to flee from Paris. We went, in Paris, to see the tower which is all that's left of the Duke of Burgundy's mansion there. And we were at Pierrefonds, the splendid castle that the murdered Duke of Orléans built.

When Arthur was a young man of twenty-four, he fought at the battle of Agincourt, against his mother's stepson, Henry V of England, and was taken prisoner, and put in the Tower of London. He was taken to court before he went to prison, and he didn't recognize his own mother when he saw her! She cried — and so did he. After that, they didn't see each other. And pretty soon Arthur's mother was put in prison, too, and kept there for a long time.

When Arthur got out, he fought with Jeanne d'Arc at Orléans. He took Paris from the English, after she had failed to take it. When she was dead, he chased the English out of Normandy.

He was nearly the last Duke of Brittany. There was just one more, the father of little Duchess Anne that you'll be hearing a great deal about from now on in this book. Her father was Arthur's nephew; and Arthur is in the splendid tomb that Anne had built for her parents in Nantes Cathedral.

WHERE MERLIN LIVED AND ARTHUR FOUND EXCALIBUR

When the six-day tour leaves Vannes to go back to Dinard, its last day is one of the very greatest interest. We advise you to go with it as far as Josselin and then go back to Vannes if you mean to visit Nantes and return to Paris by way of the châteaux on the Loire.

From Vannes it goes to Ploërmel, north of which is the great forest of Paimpont called Broceliande in the old stories. There are fourteen

lakes and ponds in the forest, and one of them was the 'fair water and broad' to which Arthur and Merlin came when Arthur was in need of a sword.

In the midst of the lake King Arthur was aware of an arm clothed in white samite, that held a fair sword in the hand.

'"Lo," said Merlin unto the King, "yonder is the sword that I spoke of."

'With that they saw a damsel going upon the lake.

'"What damsel is that?" said the King.

'"That is the Lady of the Lake," said Merlin; "and within that lake is a rock, and therein is a place as fair as any on earth, and richly beseen; and this damsel will come to you anon, and then speak fair to her that she will give you that sword."'

This is the way it's told in one of our King Arthur books, the 'Morte d'Arthur.'

The sword was the great Excalibur, you know, and the Lady of the Lake was Vivien, the one who stole Sir Lancelot and brought him up; the one, too, who enchanted Merlin.

Merlin's spring is in the forest, and a great table stone (called a 'dolmen'; the ones that stand up are called 'menhirs') is said to mark his grave.

It is ten miles from Ploërmel to Josselin, whose castle is usually called 'the Warwick Castle of France.' In an older Josselin castle, built soon after the year 1000, the little girl grew up who was to be the mother of poor young Prince Arthur, killed by his wicked uncle, King John, at

Rouen. A good while after this, Olivier de Clisson, the great warrior, married a widow who owned Josselin; and it has belonged to his descendants ever since. They are the famous family of Rohan. Did you ever read Dumas' story of 'The Queen's Necklace'? It is about Marie Antoinette and a diamond necklace she never had, and the Cardinal de Rohan, and is a very exciting story. The Cardinal was a grand personage, and the court almoner (or chaplain), but Marie Antoinette wouldn't look at him or speak to him because once he had made fun of her mother. This made him feel terribly; and some plotters persuaded him that, if he would give money (he had heaps) to buy the Queen a perfectly gorgeous diamond necklace, he would find out that she really liked him very much. The truth was that Louis XVI offered to buy Marie Antoinette that necklace and she said she didn't want it. But of course the Cardinal de Rohan didn't know this; so he gave the plotters the money, and they got the necklace and ran off to England with it, to sell the stones.

Well, all the ins and outs of how they trick the Cardinal make a thrilling story, which is all true. We have loved hearing it told ever since we were too small to read. And, of course, we have always said what we thought about the people in the stories, and the things they did. Sisser was listening to the necklace story, one day, and very excited about it. And when the plotters played one trick after another on the Cardinal to get money from him, Sisser said disgustedly, 'The silly old

goop! He believed everything they told him, didn't he?'

Another Rohan in another exciting Dumas story is Marie de Rohan, who became the Duchesse de Chevreuse. You know! In 'The Three Musketeers.' *She* was a lively one! She just *lived* on plots.

There were other kinds of Rohans, though. And in the late war the young Duke laid down his life for France and the Allies. The present Duke is (as we write) a little boy, and all the people on his estate just adore him. He and his mother live at the castle, and they are very kind about letting people visit it. We think it is one of the most interesting castles you can see anywhere, and one of the most thrillingly picturesque and romantic. The view of it from across the little river makes you catch your breath, it is so like something out of the loveliest fairy-tale. And when you are inside the lovely grounds, it is hard to realize that people of nowadays actually live in a place like that. It is like poetry.

Olivier de Clisson is buried in the church of the little town of Josselin, just as the Warwick earls are buried in the Beauchamp chapel of Saint Mary's Church, Warwick, that interested us so much, and that we'll tell you about in our book on Great Britain.

When the car goes on to Dinard, you could go back to Vannes (another way to see Josselin is by excursion from Dinard before you start on your five-day tour) and, next day, take the railway to La Baule, where there is a splendid beach

backed by lots of pine trees, which were planted to keep the sands from shifting. There are many hotels and little villas at La Baule, and also at Pornichet, two miles away.

If you stay at one of these beaches for a few days, there are a number of interesting things to do besides the regular seaside fun. There is a perfectly adorable little old story-book town called Guérande, about four miles from La Baule; it has its old walls, built in Jeanne d'Arc's day, and is very, very quaint and once-upon-a-time-y. Try to visit it on market day (Saturday) if you can. You feel just as if you were on the stage in an opera in one of the scenes where the chorus is 'on.' There are fisher-folk from Le Croisic (a place Browning wrote two poems about, because he said any place 'where a man has made himself a home' has a story to it, and poetry in it) and peat-cutters (like the Irish ones!) from the plain of La Grande-Brière, east of Guérande, and people from the great salt marshes west of Guérande.

You will be very interested, we think, to see how the sea-water is held and how, when it evaporates, it leaves great quantities of salt which look like snow.

There are some fascinating sea-caves, too, that you can visit from La Baule. And it isn't far (ten miles) in to Saint-Nazaire, where so many American soldiers landed in France; where the great ship-building yards are; and where there is Mrs. Whitney's monument to the 'doughboys.' This monument is one that makes a lump come in your throat, and your heart beat faster. It makes

you think of thousands of white crosses you have seen in War Cemeteries in France — young Crusaders (like the one Mrs. Whitney shows alighting on an eagle's back, his sword held so it looks like a cross) who never left France.

When you leave La Baule, you'll probably go straight to Nantes, although there are ever-so-many more fine beaches, nearly all the way to the Spanish border; and islands to explore — like the Île de Ré, where many flowers are raised and where the donkeys wear trousers, and the Île d'Aix, which was the last French soil that Napoleon ever trod. From there he was taken aboard the Bellerophon on July 15, 1815. Do you know the famous picture of him on the Bellerophon, taking his farewell look at France? It is in the Tate Gallery, London — a picture gallery that we're very fond of.

Nantes has a fine old castle that you'll like to see, with lots of stories in it, and an interesting museum of old Breton furniture and other things. Jules Verne came from Nantes. And once upon a time, John Knox, the famous Scotch preacher, was a galley-slave at Nantes for two years. He was there when his little Queen, Mary, landed in the north of Brittany to be affianced to the Dauphin.

But what makes it most important for you to go to Nantes, and to visit its castle, and cathedral, is to get acquainted with a tiny girl who was born in that castle in 1477. Anne, who became Duchess of Brittany when she was eleven years old, and Queen of France for the first time when

she was only fourteen. She was a widow when she was twenty-one, and very soon she married the new King of France. You have read about it in 'Quentin Durward.' We'll tell you more of her story as we go along, towards Paris.

The castle was quite new when she was born in it. The old one, where Bluebeard was hanged and burned, had been there since about the tenth century. The guide shows you the place where Bluebeard was executed, in the castle yard.

The tomb that Anne of Brittany built for her parents is in Nantes Cathedral, and her heart was buried in it for a while. Arthur, whom you met at Vannes, is in it, too. The figure of Justice (one of the fair Virtues represented on the tomb) is supposed to be a likeness of Anne.

Nantes is quite a large city, and has a good hotel. You'll probably spend the night there, and go on in the morning to Angers, which is fifty-four miles up to the Loire.

BLUEBEARD

Seventeen miles before you come to Angers is Bluebeard's Castle! He had more than one; and some books say that it was in this castle that he did his dreadful deeds — other books say that it was in the castle at Pornic, south of Saint Nazaire. We believe it was in this castle at Champtocé. Nannie believes it, too; because the best book on Brittany Romances and Legends that she has, says this is the one, and proves it from old documents.

Once upon a time, when Betty was about three

she said to Nannie: 'Tell Bluebeard, but leave out the *died* ladies.'

Nannie had to think hard, for a minute. But she had been to Champtocé, and she knew some things about the man, Gilles de Retz, who has got himself kind of mixed up with Bluebeard. So she told it like this:

'Once upon a time there was a man who was very, very rich. He had so much money he hardly knew what to do. When he was younger, he was a soldier, and fought for Jeanne d'Arc. He was the only one of all her soldiers who really tried to keep her from getting burned up.

'After he stopped fighting, he thought he'd get married. He had a castle with a hundred rooms in it, and nobody to keep house for him. So, one day when he went to a town that was not far away, he met a man who invited him home to dinner. The man had two daughters, and two sons. One daughter was named Anne, and one was named Fatima. He liked Fatima the best. He asked her if she was a good cook and housekeeper, and she said she was. He said, "I'm terribly particular; but if you can keep house to please me, you'll have everything your heart can desire."'

Then, Nannie used to put in a lot about the wedding, and about the bride and groom riding home to Bluebeard's big castle; and what a nice little housekeeper Fatima was — until Anne came to visit her! Then, they just talked and talked, and didn't do the work, or 'tend to Bluebeard at all. They'd sit at the breakfast table with the dirty

dishes on it, and the beds upstairs not made, and no sweeping or dusting done. And when Bluebeard came home for dinner, it wasn't even started, and there was a dirty house.

He stood it for two or three days, and then one day he came home, hungrier than a hawk, and there the girls were, dawdling at the table with the unwashed breakfast dishes on it. Then he got mad! He got *hopping* mad! He got a broom, and he chased those two girls upstairs, into a room that was high up in the big castle tower. And

when they were inside, he locked the door, and went *stomping* off down the stairs, to get his *own* dinner. They banged on the door, and hollered, and banged, and hollered. But he didn't come back. They got hungrier and hungrier. Then Anne said: 'Good Gracious! I believe this is the day the boys were coming over to see us.' She meant their brothers.

Fatima felt terribly. What would her brothers think of her? She kept asking Anne to look out and tell her if she saw anybody coming along the road. And at first Anne said, 'I hear no one coming — only the grass growing and the wind blowing, far, fa-ar away!'

But at last the brothers came, and persuaded Bluebeard to forgive the girls and give them another chance. And he did.

Betty used to like it told that way. Every time Nannie told it, she'd put in different kinds of things that made it interesting. Especially about the pussy-cat! Because, when Nannie was at the castle the first time, she met a darling pussy, and carried pussy around with her while she was visiting the castle ruins; and they had their picture taken together. We used to love this picture. And we felt very proud of an aunt who was personally acquainted with Bluebeard's cat. When you are very young, you don't understand much about *time*; and we thought the pussy in the picture with Nannie was really and truly Bluebeard's, and Fatima's.

By and by, Betty said: 'You can put those died ladies in again. I don't mind 'em, any more.'

But she never liked the story as much as she did when the died ladies were not in.

Well, the *real* story about Gilles de Retz is that he truly *was* a soldier under Jeanne d'Arc and fought with her at Orléans, and after a while he became Marshal of France. He was enormously rich, and very handsome and well educated. Five hundred persons were fed every day, at his Champtocé castle; and he lived in such magnificence that even the King (Charles VII) couldn't vie with him. He spent too much! And when he began to realize that his money was going out much faster than it was coming in, he began trying to find a way to turn things into gold, by alchemy.

He sent far and wide and fetched to him men who claimed to be alchemists. Of course they didn't make him any gold! So, one of them told him that the Devil wanted a human sacrifice, and when Gilles had made that, the Devil would tell the secret of making gold. The Devil liked children, this monster said, who called himself an alchemist. So they grabbed a child, and killed it. Still no gold! So they killed another child, and another, and another, until nearly a hundred had been murdered.

The parents traced the children to Gilles de Retz's castle. And when he would pay no attention to their questions, they appealed to the Duke of Brittany (the brother of Arthur whom you met at Vannes!) and he ordered Gilles and the 'alchemist' arrested and tried. They were found guilty; and before their execution, they confessed.

Gilles wore a blue-black beard. And as time went on, the story about him, which was told and retold thousands of times, got kind of mixed up with the Oriental tale, and with another Breton story about 'Comorre the Cursed,' who had a habit of murdering wives.

There isn't much left of Gilles de Retz's castle at Champtocé, now. But the village people say that the ruins are haunted.

Angers had a castle, built about 1230, with seventeen round towers, and a moat a hundred feet wide. King René of Anjou, father of Margaret of Anjou, was born in that castle. He is in many of the most interesting stories you hear when you're in France.

By keeping on up the right bank of the Loire, you soon come to Tours, which is the place to stay for as many days as you can while you explore the Château Country.

CHAPTER VII

THE CHÂTEAUX AROUND TOURS

TOURS (pronounced as if there wasn't any *s* on it) is a fine place to settle down and stay for as much time as you can spend. There isn't any seashore, of course; but there is a beautiful, romantic country all around. Touraine is called 'the garden of France.' France is *full* of 'gardens,' it seems to us; but certainly Touraine is one of the loveliest. And if you are studying French, you'll hear the most beautiful French in the world spoken all around you in Touraine, so you can't help trying to talk like that. It isn't just that they pronounce so perfectly, but they have such sweet voices.

In Touraine, you could stand by the hour and listen to people talk, even if you don't understand what they are saying. They make such lovely, musical sounds.

Tours is quite a city (about 75,000 inhabitants), but just across the river, where the Gauls had a settlement before the Romans came, is a suburb called Saint Syphorien, where there are lots of nice places to board — houses with pretty gardens to play in — and learn French at the same time.

If you don't stay long enough for that, you will find very good hotels in Tours.

What most people do when they visit Tours, if they have only two or three days to stay there, is

to take the excursion auto-cars to the châteaux. This is all right if you can't do any better. But if you see about twelve châteaux in two or three days, it's hard not to get them mixed up in your mind.

If you stay at Tours, even for a week or ten days, and see one château in a day and not any the next day, you get a lot more out of it.

You have probably heard the story about the young Roman soldier who was marching, one day, with his legion into Amiens, and met an old shivering man without any cloak. The young soldier had recently become a Christian and his heart was full of love and kindness 'for the least of these, my brethren,' so he tore his own cloak in two and gave half of it to the poor old man. That night, the soldier, whose name was Martin, was visited, in a dream, by Christ and some angels. And Christ was wearing the half-cloak and saying, 'This is Martin who gave me this cloak.'

Well, when Martin was older, he became the third Bishop of Tours, and he did so much good for France that, ever since he died, people have come by the thousands and tens of thousands to worship beside his tomb — and, we hope, have gone away *kinder* than they were before. Saint Martin lived in the third century.

You might like to see his tomb, beneath the Church of Saint Martin. And in the cathedral, which is very beautiful, especially the stained-glass windows, be sure to see the tomb of the four little children of Charles VIII (that's Louis XI's son) and Anne of Brittany. Not one of them

lived to be much more than a baby. There is a plaster cast of the tomb in the Art Institute in Chicago, and we have known it since we were tiny tots. Of course, we asked questions about the children, and felt very sorry for the little princes and princesses who all went away and left their father and mother so sad.

There are a good many old houses in Tours. But you needn't have the shivers in the one that some people say is the house of Tristan l'Hermite, Louis XI's terrible executioner. The house has some 'cords' in the decorations on its front. This was because it was built when Anne of Brittany was Queen of France; the 'cordon' being one of her emblems — you see it everywhere in the châteaux. You'd think there couldn't ever have been any one in Touraine who didn't know that emblem and what it means. But some one started the story that on this house it meant the hangman's rope. It didn't, at all.

Just outside Tours is all that's left of Louis XI's residence, Plessis-les-Tours, which is so thrillingly described in 'Quentin Durward.' There isn't much to see there now, except the room where Louis XI died. But you can easily imagine it all the way Scott described it, and pretend any kind of scare-y thing you like.

WHERE JEANNE D'ARC FOUND HER DAUPHIN

When you begin visiting the châteaux, we think Chinon is the one to go to first.

The lovely little old town where this castle is believes that it was started by Cain! At least, there's an old story that it was, and some people believe it. Anyway, it is ancient and interesting. On the hill where the castle stands, the Romans used to have a fortified camp, called a *castrum*, which is the word we get *castle* from, and also *château*.

Climb the hill to the castle. It is picturesque enough, now — going up that steep street with the old, old houses on it, and imagining all the goings and comings there have been on it; but pretend that it's a July day in 1189. There's a mean-looking cart coming down the hill from the great entrance tower; in it is a body, wrapped in a cheap winding-sheet. There is a brass ring on the dead man's finger, a sceptre of gilded wood in his hand, and on his grizzly red head a crown made of gold fringe torn from a woman's petticoat.

It is Henry II, King of England — William the Conqueror's great-grandson — and ruler over a

good part of France. He is being taken to Fontevrault Abbey for burial, and his son Richard the Lion-Hearted is King of England now. Hardly any one that he knew or cared for was near Henry when he died; and before his body was cold, it was stripped of everything valuable, and these mock things were put on. Makes you think of the Conqueror dying at Rouen — doesn't it? Henry was hot-tempered and 'bossy' and did lots of things he was sorry for — like having Thomas à Becket killed — but he didn't deserve to be treated as badly as he was by his sons, and his servants.

Now, stand still while that cart goes jolting past you, down the hill. Wait a minute, and let two hundred and forty years roll by.

It is March, now — Tuesday, the 8th of March, 1429, and late in the afternoon. There's a girl climbing up the hill, with a small escort of the King's archers sent to fetch her.

She was seventeen years old in January, a peasant girl from Domrémy, and she has come to tell the Dauphin (who is no king in her eyes because he has not been anointed and consecrated) that God has appointed *her* to see that he is crowned and comes into his own.

Eleven nights, Jeanne and her little escort have travelled since they set out from Vaucouleurs. By day they hid. (We hope you know 'by heart,' as we do, every one of Boutet de Monvel's pictures telling her story! You'll recall, then, the one of her riding through the night looking so calm and unafraid, although any thicket may hide English or Burgundian soldiers.)

On Saturday, she sent two of her squires ahead of her with a letter to Charles the Dauphin, saying that she knew many things of interest to him; and that to prove to him now how Heaven was guiding her, she would recognize him whom she had come to serve, among all the gentlemen of his court.

Sunday she arrived in Chinon, on the heels of her messengers, and found lodging with a widow who lived near the church of Saint-Étienne.

The courtiers up in the château on the hill told Charles the girl might be a spy, or a witch, and advised him not to let her come near.

But the people in Orléans, who were besieged by the English and in despair, had heard of Jeanne; and they had sent word to Charles begging him to send her to them.

Charles talked to her messengers; and the things they said about Jeanne didn't sound much like a witch or a spy.

Some of the grand nobles said that it was outrageous for a girl who tended cows to come to court and tell the King what to do.

But Charles thought it would be kind of interesting to see this girl. So he sent some archers down, on Tuesday afternoon, to bring her to the castle.

Here she comes! You must climb the rest of the way with her.

The sun is going down and it is beginning to be dusk.

A trooper coming down the hill sneers at Jeanne, with her hair cut like a page-boy's, and

her boyish clothes. He swears; and Jeanne looks not mad, but sorry.

'You swear,' she says, 'and are so near death.'

And before she gets to the castle gate, she hears that he has fallen into the river and been drowned. They have heard it up at the castle, too!

Now, here you are at the clock tower, and the Count of Vendôme has come to conduct Jeanne to the Dauphin! (You slip in alongside — you're invisible!)

The room where Charles is has a low ceiling and narrow windows which don't let in much light. About fifty torches are burning. And there are three hundred courtiers and attendants present.

(You probably know De Monvel's great picture of this scene. The huge painting he did of it hangs in our Art Institute in Chicago, at the head of a stairway; and we have looked and looked and *looked* at it since we were babies, till it is hard for us to believe that we were not somewhere about. The only thing we wish is that little Louis, who was going, some day, to be Louis XI, were in it. He was six years old, then. Maybe he wasn't at Chinon; or maybe he wasn't allowed to come in the room for fear he'd spoil the fun by telling the girl which man was the Dauphin.)

Jeanne doesn't seem at all scared by all these grand people, staring at her so insolently. She seems quite proud, as one should be who believes that God has sent her.

Charles has put on shabby clothes and tried to hide himself among the least important people

present. But Jeanne goes straight to him and kneels before him, and speaks in a voice that is so lovely they notice it even here in Touraine.

'Gentle Dauphin,' she says, 'I am called Jeanne the Maid, and the King of Heaven orders that through me you shall be consecrated and crowned at Reims and shall become the lieutenant of Him who is the true King of France.'

Then she whispers to him that she has the answer to a certain prayer he has been making. And then she goes away — or *starts* to.

Charles gives orders that she must not leave; that she must have a lodging in one of the three châteaux which, together, make up the Castle of Chinon; that the Governor's wife must look after Jeanne, while Charles thinks what to do.

So, up you go beside Jeanne — up the winding stone stairway in that tower of the Château de Coudray — and look out upon the river Vienne and the country through which it flows. And there you wait and wait, with her, while Charles tries to make up his mind — and the people inside the walls of Orleans grow more and more desperate.

Charles sends for Jeanne, quite often, and questions her.

What about that answer to his prayer?

Jeanne says: 'You prayed to Sainte Catherine de Fierbois for some sign that you are the true heir of the realm and son of the late king.'

Charles is much impressed. How could Jeanne have known that? But maybe it's because she's a witch, and the Devil tells her things. So he

says she must go down to Poitiers and let the bishops examine her and see if she's a witch.

Poor Jeanne cries, and says that while she's gone the English will probably take Orléans. But she has to go.

You can 'see' it all, at Chinon — though the castle is a ruin now. And you can see Jeanne finally

setting forth for Orléans, where we'll tell some more about her.

THE TERRIBLE DUNGEONS AT LOCHES

We think that the next château to see, if you can pick and choose, is Loches, which is pronounced Losh. (Chinon is pronounced She-*non*.)

Once upon a time there used to be a very watery marsh, with a village of huts built out in it, on sticks. There was a kind of bridge from the village in to the shore, where the people of the village had dug caves to keep supplies in. If an enemy came, the people could destroy the bridge.

This was the way Loches looked when Julius Cæsar came to it and made his winter quarters here, in 57 B.C. (Loches is the same word as *loch*, in Scotland, and *lake*.) There has been a fortified place — a *castrum* and then a castle — at Loches since Julius Cæsar's day.

By and by Loches came into possession of the Counts of Anjou (their principal place was Angers, where you saw the old castle with the seventeen towers), and Henry II of England owned it, because he was also Count of Anjou. So it belonged to Richard the Lion-Hearted, his son; and Richard gave it to his queen, Berengaria of Navarre.

After the time of Saint Louis, Loches belonged to the French kings. And Charles VII was there when Jeanne d'Arc came, on May 10th (you remember it was March 8th when she went to Chinon), to tell him that the siege of Orléans was

lifted and that now he could go safely to Reims to be crowned.

There are lots of things to interest you at Loches; but what you'll probably remember longest are the dungeons.

Every castle had dungeons. But those at Loches are the most celebrated of any. Louis XI did a lot to make them celebrated.

Do you remember those thrilling parts of 'Quentin Durward' that happened at Péronne, in Burgundy, where Louis XI found himself trapped by his great rival, Charles the Bold?

You know that Louis had a great way of picking his advisers from among people of humble birth — barbers and tailors and people like that. Maybe he realized what a peasant girl had done for his father and for France, that all the great lords couldn't do. Maybe it was because he really liked the company of plain people better than the company of fine nobles. Maybe he could see (he was really a great king, you know, although he was such a mean little man, and so cruel) that the times were past when a king should try to rule a country without knowing anything about it except what a lot of grandees told him.

Anyway, he made a tailor's son, named Balue, into a Cardinal, and had this man sit on the King's right hand above all the princes of the realm.

Balue had advised Louis to go to Péronne. And when the visit turned out so badly for Louis, of course he was mad and wanted somebody to blame — so he blamed Balue.

It's said that everybody in Paris laughed at the King for having been so 'goofy,' and though the people didn't dare do it to his face, he knew what they did behind his back, because their magpies, hanging outside the houses in their wooden cages, mocked him as he passed; and of course he knew who taught the birds to jeer.

So he suspected that getting him to go to Péronne was a plot, and had the Cardinal arrested, and tried. He was found guilty, and condemned to imprisonment in a cage, at Loches.

The cage was made of wooden bars with iron binding-strips. It was about six and a half feet square, and five and a half feet high. Cardinal Balue lived in this for eleven years! First (for three years) the cage was at Loches; then it was moved to another castle, named Montbazon; and then it was taken to a dungeon at Chinon. Louis had his first paralytic stroke at Chinon, and that scared him so he ordered Cardinal Balue set free, and restored him to his old place. You wouldn't think a man could live in a cage, in dark dungeons, for all those years. But Balue did — and he lived for years after Louis was dead.

Another person who was at Péronne was the historian, Philippe de Comines. He was Charles the Bold's courtier, and Louis got him away from Charles.

After Louis died, his daughter Anne (called Anne de Beaujeu) was the regent because her brother, Charles VIII, was only a little boy. Anne was bossy, and Comines didn't like her and tried to keep her from having so much power. So she had *him* put in a cage at Loches, and kept him there for eight months.

While he was there, he began planning his memoirs, which he wrote when he got out. It is a fascinating book, from which dozens of writers have got their facts for histories and their plots for plays and stories.

But the most famous prisoner of all, at Loches, was the great and splendid Duke of Milan, Ludovico Sforza. When Ludovico was in Italy, he was so magnificent that he couldn't seem to pay the

simplest sort of visit without taking a retinue of a thousand persons to wait on him.

The family that ruled Milan before the Sforza was the Visconti. King Louis XII of France (the one after Charles VIII, who was Louis XI's son) was a grandson of the Visconti; and he thought he had a better right to Milan than the Sforza had. He went to Italy to fight for his claim, and he was successful, and Ludovico was taken prisoner and brought to France. He was at Loches for about seven years, and died there.

His cell is a thrilling place to visit, because there, in the dampness and the dimness, the Duke who had employed the greatest artists of his time to make masterpieces for him, decided to make a painter of himself! He got paints and brushes, and painted the walls of his cell. The paintings are rubbed and faded, now; but you can see traces of them, when your eyes get accustomed to the gloom. And it makes you wonder what *you* would do if you were thrown into a damp, dark dungeon, or hung up in a cramping cage, for years on end.

The part of Loches Castle where Charles VII was when Jeanne came to tell him about Orléans; and where Louis XI lived while Balue hung in his cage; and Anne of Brittany spent some of her time as Charles VIII's Queen and then as Louis XII's, is now used for what they call a *sous-préfecture*, where some of the business of the province of Touraine is carried on by a kind of under-governor.

The little town of Loches is just like a story-

book. It would be fine to live there for a while, we think.

SOME OF THE STORIES AT AMBOISE

If you don't have time enough to visit just one château every other day, you can see Langeais (which we're going to tell about) on the same day you go to Chinon; and you can see Chenonceaux and Amboise the same day you go to Loches.

Amboise is high up above the river Loire on a rock where, they say, Cæsar had caves to keep grain in, to feed his legions. There has been a castle on the rock for ages. Louis XI's wife spent a great deal of her time there, while Louis was moving about from place to place. (He changed from one castle to another about five or six times a month!) And Charles VIII was born at Amboise; and at Amboise he died, when he was not quite twenty-eight. They show you a low door that they say he struck his head against. It was Easter Sunday afternoon. He and the Queen (Anne of Brittany) came out of the castle to look at some of the new parts that Charles was having built, and to watch some courtiers playing tennis in the moat. Maybe he had a stroke of apoplexy and fell, hitting the door; or maybe he didn't bend low enough, and bumped his head. Anyway, he died that night — and his sister became Queen of France; not the bossy one, Anne, but the poor little lame one, Jeanne, that Louis XI had made his second cousin marry. This second cousin, Louis of Orléans, was King Louis XII of France, then; and one of the first things he did was to get

a divorce from poor little lame Jeanne, and marry the widow, Anne of Brittany — who was lame, too; but not so lame as Jeanne.

It was Charles VIII who built the two great towers of Amboise Castle. Maybe it was these he came out to look at, that Easter Sunday.

They are so enormous that inside each of them there is a winding driveway almost ten feet wide, for horses and even carriages to go up.

When Louis XII married Anne of Brittany and made her Queen of France for the second time, of course they hoped they'd have a little boy of their own to be the *next* king. But until they got one (which they never did!) the heir to the throne was a little five-year-old boy named Francis, whose father was King Louis XII's second cousin.

Francis came to Amboise to live — he and his little sister Marguerite, who was seven; and his mother; and a number of little boys who were his 'pages of honor' and most of whom were going to be very famous. Two of them became very celebrated constables of France; one became an admiral; and one (besides Francis) became a king and made Francis's sister, Marguerite, a queen — Queen of Navarre. You see a picture of him in the Louvre at Paris, and in the castle at Pau, holding up in the air his first-born grandson, Henry, who was going to be the great and dashing King Henry IV of France.

All these children, who were going to make so much history when they were grown up, played together at Amboise, and probably rode their ponies up and down inside those towers, and had

tournaments in the moat, and had lots of fun. They quarrelled, too! Nannie has a funny old book that tells a great many things about them.

When Francis grew up, he became king. He was married to the daughter of Louis XII and Anne of Brittany, whose name was Claude — which we think of only as a boy's name.

Francis was a terribly restless person, always going somewhere or making something over or building something new. The castles he built, or built *over!* He began the palace of the Louvre, in Paris — building onto the old castle that's not there any more. He built the palace at Fontainebleau, and the enormous château at Chambord. He rebuilt almost everything else. His emblem was the Salamander, which you see on so many of

the fine old buildings of France. We'll tell more about emblems when we get to Blois.

Francis got the best architects and artists to work for him; most of them he brought from Italy. And among those to come away from Italy was Leonardo da Vinci, who had once worked for Ludovico Sforza when Ludovico was the splendid Duke of Milan. Late in life, Ludovico in his dungeon at Loches did his own painting, you'll remember!

Leonardo died at Amboise, and his tomb is in the lovely little chapel of Saint Hubert, which Louis XI began and Charles VIII finished, and which has the story of Saint Hubert and the stag so wonderfully carved, above the door.

The other château you can see that same day (with Loches and Amboise), if you have to, is Chenonceaux, which is built right over the river Cher and makes such lovely reflections in the water that it has had its picture taken more than any other château in France. It certainly is very, very beautiful. It belongs to the gentleman who makes Chocolat Menier that the little girl you see in so many hundreds of advertising posters is telling people to be sure and eat. Lots of people have eaten it, we guess; and so M. Menier could buy this fairy-tale palace. He's very kind about letting visitors come in and see it. Mary, Queen of Scots, lived there, some of the time when she was Queen of France. She lived at Amboise, too; and at Blois.

There is just one more château that we want to tell you about for your stay at Tours — and that

is Langeais. (Pronounce it Lon-zhay.) It is between Tours and Angers, on the north bank of the Loire about fifteen miles from Tours.

This château is where Anne of Brittany was married to Charles VIII, when she was fifteen and he was twenty. This was in December, 1491, just before Columbus discovered 'us'!

Anne was betrothed, when she was seven, to the little Prince of Wales, who was soon afterwards murdered in London Tower. Then her father thought he'd better get her a husband who could fight for her rights; so he got her a gruff old widower with eight children! When Anne's father died and she was Duchess, she sent this person packing, and became engaged to Maximilian of Austria, widower of Marie of Burgundy, who was an heiress much richer even than Anne.

Charles VIII was engaged to Maximilian's little girl. But he didn't want the German Emperor's son (who was probably going to be Emperor himself, some day soon) to be bossing Brittany. It would be very inconvenient; and, besides, Charles wanted Brittany to belong to France.

First he went to fight Anne. And when she saw that she was going to lose Brittany, she agreed to marry the King if he'd promise her a lot of things — which he *did!* She must be the boss of Brittany, she said; and he said she could. She must live there as much as she wanted to; and he said, 'All right.' She must have a guard of Breton soldiers to go with her wherever she went. 'Yes'm!' And if Charles died and left no heir, his successor must marry her, if possible. 'Yes'm, again!'

She was a greedy girl, and obstinate, and thought herself the most important person in the world. But it seems that she got to love Charles very dearly, and was quite broken-hearted when he died.

When she stood up, in her cloth-of-gold wedding dress, to be married to Charles, at Langeais, the man who was to be her second husband stood beside the bridegroom; and another man present was one whose son (not yet born) was to marry the daughter of Anne and her second husband (Louis XII) and be King Francis I. You may like to think of this when you are in the room at Langeais where the marriage contract was signed.

Langeais is one of the most interesting of all the châteaux to visit, because it is completely furnished with things like those that it, and other castles, had in the times of Anne of Brittany. The château belongs to France — was left to the nation, with all these wonderful furnishings, by the man who spent years and a fortune getting it to look as it does now. The gardens are very interesting, too.

You go into the castle across a drawbridge over the moat, and pass under the portcullis, and you can hardly believe it's all 'really true' and that you're *in* it!

On the way from Tours to Langeais, and all around this vicinity, you see a great many places where people are living in caves cut in the rocks. They don't live like cave-dwellers of long, long ago; because most of the people who live in the

old caves now have made them into quite nice little homes.

Now, when you leave Tours to go back toward Paris, you go up the river Loire to the town and castle of Blois — which is pronounced as if it were spelled Blow-*ah* — and there you spend a day and a night before going on to Orléans.

Blois is nearly fifty miles from Tours, and then it's thirty-six miles from Blois to Orléans, and about seventy-six miles from Orléans to Paris. We think it's interesting and important to put this in; because, one of the first things you want to know when you're planning a trip abroad is, how far away from one another the places are that you'd like to see; and how you get from one of them to another.

One of the things we like best to do is to get maps, and pick out places that we want to go to, and try to find out how to get there and how long it takes.

HAVE YOU A MAGIC RING?

If you have got the magic ring that you can rub and find yourself back in any story-time and place you love, doing fascinating, story-things with the famous people you like best to read about, you certainly can have a marvellous time at Blois, although the castle's as bare of furnishings as Mother Hubbard's cupboard was of bones.

One of William the Conqueror's daughters (Adèle) married a Count of Blois, and their handsome son Stephen was King of England for nineteen years, after his uncle, Henry I, who was the

Conqueror's youngest son. Stephen's older brother was named Thibaut; he wanted to marry Eleanore of Aquitaine, the very, very rich heiress who was just divorced from King Louis VII of France. But Eleanore meant to marry young Henry of Anjou (the one whose sorry funeral you met coming down the hill at Chinon), and when she couldn't make Thibaut, whom she was visiting in his castle at Blois, take No for an answer, she had a feeling that she'd better move on — while she could. So she dressed herself like a serving-lad, got out of the castle by night, and went down the river in a boat.

It was a good thing (maybe!) that she did. For her Henry's younger brother Geoffrey was lying in ambush on the road he thought she might take, hoping to carry her off to *his* castle and make her marry *him*.

If either of these young men had caught her, and her vast possessions, much history would have been very different. Because, with all of France that she owned (nearly all of it from the Loire south!), and the parts that Henry of Anjou owned, and the part (Normandy) that he got when he became King of England like his great-grandfather the Conqueror, the marriage of Henry and Eleanore made him ruler over more of France than the King of France was!

But Eleanore married Henry, and became Queen of England and the mother of Richard the Lion-Hearted and John — horrid, hated King John.

If you rub your magic ring and find yourself

slipping down the river, at night, with the ex-Queen of France, dressed like a serving-lad, you can really be much *more* excited, as you listen for the sounds of pursuers on the bank, than you

could have been were you really there in 1152; for, *then* you couldn't have known, as you know *now*, what a tremendous difference it would make if Eleanore got caught!

A long while after Eleanore got away from Blois (about two hundred and fifty years after) this place became the property of the Duke of Orléans — the one who built Pierrefonds; who was the brother of the mad king, Charles VI; who was murdered in the streets of Paris by the minions of the Duke of Burgundy. It was this Duke of Orléans who was married to Valentine Visconti of Milan; and when their grandson became Louis XII he thought he ought to be Duke of Milan (instead of Ludovico Sforza), so he fought Ludovico, and captured him, and had him taken to Loches to languish and die.

Poor Valentine died at Blois of a broken heart within a year after her husband was murdered. She had one son (her eldest) who was quite a poet. He was taken prisoner by the English at the battle of Agincourt (in 1415) and spent twenty-five years in prison in England, part of the time in the Tower of London. In the British Museum, which we like so much, there is a hand-lettered and hand-painted (illumined) book of his poems with a picture of the Tower that shows this poet-duke in it, writing. While he was there, Jeanne d'Arc grew up, and went to Chinon, and to Orléans, and to Reims, and to Rouen, and was burned. So that, when he got back to Blois, France was a very different kind of country from the France he left as a captive of the victorious English king, Henry V.

He liked to entertain poets (although there were not many, then) and it's said that sometimes he had Villon the Vagabond here at Blois. This must have been when Charles was an old, old man. He was past seventy when his little boy was born — the one who was going to be Louis XII. And when that little boy was only two years old, he was betrothed to a daughter of King Louis XI before she was many *days* old! She was the poor lame princess Jeanne, whom Louis XII divorced so he could marry Anne of Brittany.

Anne lived at Blois a good deal. When her baby, Claude, was two years old, Anne had her betrothed to an even younger infant named Charles whose grandparents were Ferdinand and Isabella of Spain. He was going to be the great Emperor Charles V, when he grew up. But Claude didn't know that, nor *care!* The ceremony of getting her engaged was very gorgeous; but Claude shrieked and howled all through it and nearly busted up the proceedings.

Well, she didn't marry Charles. She married Francis I. And she probably cried, though not so

loud, most of the time she was married to him; which wasn't so *very* long, because she was dead when she was twenty-five. She had been married eight years, and borne seven children. Her emblem was the swan with an arrow piercing its heart. Usually there is a *cordon* around it, to remind us that Claude was the heiress of her mother, Anne of Brittany.

Claude's father, Louis XII, had a porcupine for his emblem. The Order of the Porcupine was

founded by his grandfather, the murdered Duke of Orléans, because the English were in France and there was need for some French people getting their backs up and bristling against their foes. You see the porcupine, the cordon (and also the ermine, which was another emblem of Anne of Brittany), and the swan, and the salamander, in many places outside and inside the French châteaux, because so much building and rebuilding was done by the owners of those emblems. Louis XII also used an 'L' with a crown above it, and a crowned 'A' for Anne. You see a crowned 'F' for Francis, and a crowned 'C' for Claude,

and a crowned 'H' for their son, Henry II; sometimes an 'H' and 'C' together for Henry II and Catherine de Médicis. Two 'L's' back-to-back are for Louis le Grand (or XIV). We found it very good fun learning these, and what they mean, and learning to tell, from them, who built things.

Perhaps the most exciting thing that ever happened at Blois was when the King of France, who was Catherine de Médicis's youngest son, had his attendants murder the Duke of Guise. This duke was cousin to Mary, Queen of Scots, who had just recently been beheaded over in England. He was

very powerful in France — almost more so than the miserable King — and the King was not only jealous of Guise, he was afraid that the people would make Guise the King. So he had Guise murdered, right in his (the King's) own bedroom. They show you the place, at Blois. And then Henry told his mother, who was sick in her room downstairs, 'This morning I have become the King of France again.' But Catherine was smarter than he was, though she was sick and dying. She knew that Henry hadn't taken the right way.

In Paris, when they heard of the murder, the people were furious against Henry. And, a few months later, he himself was assassinated by a monk.

There's such a lot to see and to tell about at Blois that we can hardly even begin on it. There's a beautiful outside staircase that's one of the finest in Europe.

When you leave Blois on your way back to Paris, be sure to stop at Orléans and see the Jeanne d'Arc monument, and the Musée Jeanne d'Arc, and the house where she lodged.

If you have Boutet de Monvel's Jeanne d'Arc pictures, it's no trick at all to rub your magic ring and feel yourself at Orléans with her in 1429. But how sad you'll feel! Because you'll know that in two years from that very month of May, Jeanne will go to her fiery death at Rouen.

Every year on the 8th of May France has Jeanne d'Arc Day because that was the day she raised the siege of Orléans. And when she did that, she did much, much more than just drive the

English away from one city of France; much more than make the Dauphin feel that he could go to Reims to be crowned. She made the poor, downcast people of France suddenly *proud*, and brave, and eager to do a great deal for their country. She is the one who made France into a country, you might say. And she put courage and hope into the plain people, because she was a peasant girl and yet had saved her country and showed the King what to do.

We hope you have liked this journey from Paris back to Paris through a thousand and one storybooks.

In our next chapter we're going out where Jeanne d'Arc was born.

CHAPTER VIII

BATTLEFIELDS AND OTHER THINGS

ALMOST everywhere you go in France there are battlefields, and famous ones, too.

When you go up to Boulogne or Calais to cross over to England, you pass near the battlefields of Crécy and Agincourt. When you are at Tours you're not far from where Charlemagne's grandfather, Charles Martel, defeated the Saracens in 732 and kept the rest of Europe from being under the Moors, like Spain. A little south of Tours is Poitiers, where the Black Prince defeated the French King, John, and carried him off, captive, to England.

All these are battles that nearly every child knows about. And there are many, many others that were fought in France. It seems as if beautiful France has been the place where dozens of things were fought out that had to be settled not just for France's own sake, but for nearly everybody's, including ours.

But nowadays when anybody says 'battlefields,' it usually means those of the late war. People don't go to these as much as they did a few years ago, because there isn't so much to see that looks like a battlefield.

The other day a lady who was taking her children to Europe asked Nannie about the battlefields. 'I want them to see the trenches and dug-

outs and ruined villages, and everything,' the lady said.

So Nannie told her there aren't any; that France can't afford to keep land idle and all gashed up. Every bit has to be working and producing something.

Before the war had been over for three years, Nannie saw the fields of grain growing right up under the very shadow of Verdun where 200,000 shells a day used to fall, month in and month out, while the Germans were trying so desperately to take Verdun.

The villages are rebuilt, the trees are replanted. Almost the only things to remind you of war are the thousands of little white crosses in the cemeteries (and black ones for the Germans), and the

newness of much that you see. But up around Verdun you can visit some of the famous forts that now are memorials of the war; and see the Trench of the Bayonets where a whole row of French soldiers were buried alive by an explosion, just as they were going over the top to attack. Their bayonets in a long row were left showing above the tons of dirt that buried the men. And after the war was over, an American gentleman named Rand was so touched and stirred by that line of rusting bayonets, that he gave money to have a monument built over them to protect them, so people could always be reminded how much it cost to hold Verdun — which was really holding the German Army back from Paris, because if they 'passed' Verdun (the French soldiers said, 'They shall not pass!') probably nothing could have stopped them till they got to Paris.

We think that it would be a great thing if hundreds of thousands of the boys and girls who are going to be the men and women of a few years from now, could visit Verdun, and try to realize what war costs; so that when we are grown up we can each do our bit toward finding some other way of settling differences. Nobody could do it *alone;* but millions of 'nobodies' together can do a lot.

Well! now we'll go back to Paris and start out from there, and tell you where you can go and what you can see.

If you can take just one day for a little trip to battlefields of the late war, the most interesting thing to do (we think) is to go to Compiègne and Pierrefonds, and Soissons (or Villers-Cotterets —

depending on how much time you spend at Compiègne and Pierrefonds) and then down to Meaux and into Paris. If you had a car, that you had hired for yourselves (and not a seat in an excursion), you could, by starting early and not lingering too long in any one place, get down from Soissons to Château-Thierry and Belleau Wood, and in to Paris through Meaux. But that would be a very long day, and you couldn't picnic in Compiègne Forest, which is so wonderful to do.

In Compiègne Forest you see where Marshal Foch's train was, on the morning of November 11, 1918, when the Armistice that the Germans asked for was signed, and within a few hours fighting stopped on hundreds of miles of battle front. You see the dining-car in which Foch received the German Emissaries and signed the paper that held up all fighting till the two sides could get together and try to come to terms.

In the town of Compiègne you'll want to remember Jeanne d'Arc, and how she was captured there, by the Burgundians, and sold to the English. And you'll want to see the palace, which is very interesting. There was where Louis the Dauphin (who was going to be Louis XVI) first saw his young bride, Marie Antoinette.

OLD CASTLES

Pierrefonds was the first great old story-book castle we saw, and we were so excited about it we hardly knew what to say or do. When you get your first glimpse of it, sitting — oh! so proudly — on its hilltop, you feel sure you must be dream-

ing. It looks like one of those marvellous castles that fine artists paint when they make color illustrations for expensive books about the Arabian Nights or the Never-Never Land.

Climbing that hill by the winding way that the horsemen followed in olden times, and crossing that tremendously deep, wide moat by the drawbridge, and passing beneath the portcullis into the great castle yard, was thrilling beyond all words.

Another castle, which used to be near Pierrefonds and is nothing but a heap of ruins now, was called Coucy, and the proud motto of the men who owned it was: 'No King am I, nor prince, nor duke, nor even count; I am the Sire of Coucy.'

That castle was built about 1225, and it was the strongest house in Europe.

If you wanted to call on the Sire of Coucy, you did it about like this:

After you had climbed up to the top of the plateau where Coucy was, the first thing you had to do was to get into the walled city which had a moat around it and drawbridges.

Then, you made your way through the narrow streets of the little town, till you came to another moat and another drawbridge and another portcullis between two huge round towers. If you got past these, and satisfied all the guards that it would be all right to let you go farther, the next place you found yourself in was the huge, fortified base-court of the castle filled with men-at-arms. If you got across that, you came to a third moat, very, very deep and sixty-five feet wide, and crossed by a bridge that was in three sections —

so that, even if two sections were forced by an enemy, the third might still be drawn up and keep them at bay, or let them drop far down into the moat.

If you got over all three sections and beneath the next portcullis and past all the pikes and helmets, you found yourself in a long vaulted passage which was so arranged that if the Sire of Coucy's captain of the guard began to wish you hadn't come, men up above could pour boiling oil down on you, or crush you with heavy stones, or burn you with blazing pitch. If they didn't do any of these things, you'd go on, out of the passage, into the courtyard of the castle, and look up at mighty walls, and towers sixty feet in diameter and one hundred and fifteen feet high.

Then you had another moat to cross, and another drawbridge, and another portcullis to get under without having it fall on you with its sharp iron prongs, or having any boiling oil come pouring down on you from above.

And by this time you were almost at the Sire of Coucy's house! He lived in a donjon tower two hundred and ten feet high (that's about as high as a fifteen-story building!) and one hundred feet in diameter. And in some parts of it, the walls were thirty-four feet thick. So you can see that after he had made himself as safe as he could, this Sire of Coucy hadn't much room left to be comfortable.

He kept fifty knights, each with nine men-at-arms, always in the castle. And if anybody came to besiege him, he had twice as many — a full thousand — to defend him. Besides these, he had an enormous number of working people who made everything that the castle needed. And within the castle were such complete supplies that all

these hundreds and hundreds of people could go on living and fighting for a whole year, if need be, even though they were completely surrounded by besiegers!

Coucy was bought by Louis of Orléans, the brother of mad King Charles — the one who also bought Blois. But that was about one hundred and seventy years after it was built — and times were changing; great princes wanted more room, and more splendor. So Louis built Pierrefonds, which was the first of the great castles of France to be a palace as well as a fortress. France was full of English and Burgundian soldiers when Pierrefonds was built, and the King's brother had to have a strong house (which he had in Coucy), but he wanted to have also a grand house which was strong, too. So he built Pierrefonds. It was finished and he was dead (murdered in Paris by the Burgundians), and his widow, Valentine Visconti of Milan, had grieved herself to death at Blois, before Jeanne d'Arc was born. And Jeanne was only three years old when the poet-duke, Charles, one of whose homes Pierrefonds was, was carried off, captive, to London Tower, as we told about in the chapter before this, writing about Blois. We love to keep 'linking up' our stories. That's what helps us to keep them all straight in our minds.

A HILLTOP ON THE MARNE

Well, after we left Pierrefonds, where we had tried to think what it must have been like in days when enemies besieged it, we were in no hurry to

get back to Paris, so Nannie said we would go to see Miss Mildred Aldrich.

We asked who she was, and Nannie said she was an American lady who wrote books and book reviews and other things. She lived in Paris for a long time. And, just before the war, she thought that she would like to spend the rest of her days (she was quite elderly then) in the country, very quietly and simply, with her books and some flowers in her tiny garden, and village neighbors. So she found a little cottage on a hilltop, that was away off the main road. And she was just settling down there to enjoy a peaceful old age, when the First Battle of the Marne, one of the most tremendous and terrific battles in history, was fought all around her! And she stayed right there, *alone* in her little house, so busy doing what she could for the soldiers that she had no time to think about herself.

After the battle was over, and the Germans were driven back, away from Paris, some friends of Miss Aldrich's said that the letters she had written them about the battle as she saw it ought to be printed. So they were made into a little book called 'A Hilltop on the Marne,' which was one of the most-read books of the war times.

Robert had quite a time finding the cottage, even with Nannie to direct him because she had been there before. But finally we got to it, and found Miss Aldrich, all alone (as usual) in that quiet little place. She was ever-so-glad to see us, but seemed very tired and sad. She wasn't able to go out with us and stand under her little apple

tree where she stood to watch the battle. So she told Nannie to take us, and tell us about it.

We stayed quite a while to visit with her, and she came out to the gate with us to wave us good-bye.

The next morning we could hardly wait to get to Brentano's in Paris, to buy a copy of Miss Aldrich's book. And, once we got our noses in it, we never took them out till we got to the end.

Just being on the spot where historic things have happened and famous people have lived makes you feel entirely different from what you do when you are far away and read in books about those people and what they did; after you have been where things happened, you always take so much more interest in those things and feel as if you had been a part of them or they had become a part of you, some way.

But that Sunday afternoon on the 'hilltop on the Marne' did something very special to us. We had been at Pierrefonds, thinking of people in castles, in olden times, and how exciting life must have been for them. (Nannie says it got very boresome, too, at times — specially for the women, when the men were away at war or on Crusades or something.) And then we went to the little cottage with the tiny garden all-a-bloom, and the peaceful Sunday afternoon drawing to a close, and talked with 'an old, old lady' who had been in the thick of battle such as the Sires of Coucy and Louis of Orléans never dreamed of.

After that, we wanted to know more, and more, and more about the battles of the Marne, and to

see more of the places that were fought over. Nearly every man we met in France was in the war; but they hardly ever talk about it — they seem to be trying to forget all they suffered and saw. Maybe when they get real old they'll talk about it to their grandchildren; but we'll be grown up, then.

Just before we started to write this chapter, we heard that Miss Aldrich had gone marching on where she won't be lame or sad or tired any more. And we couldn't help being glad, for her. We hated to think of her sitting, alone, on that hilltop, always seeing again the terrible things she had seen in 1914.

THE VALLEY OF THE MARNE

You can see the Marne without leaving Paris — just by taking a little river steamer on the Seine and riding out to Charenton, at the south end of the Bois de Vincennes; there the Marne flows into the Seine, and goes on, with the Seine, up to the English Channel at Le Havre. Another way and a very jolly one, to see it is to drive out through the Bois de Vincennes to the Pont de Joinville and go to the fascinating old inn on the banks of the Marne, where d'Artagnan's boots are hanging up beside the door. This inn is called 'L' Écu d'Or,' and there is a spit on the outside of one of the big chimneys, where chickens turn and turn as they roast over the fire. This is a story-book place if we ever saw one.

The Marne as a separate river is three hundred and twenty-eight miles long; it begins its meander-

ings near a town called Langres, which believes that it was one of the first places uncovered when the great Flood began to go down (Noah's Flood); and in an old French book that Nannie has, it says that Langres was founded shortly after 'The bold enterprise of the Tower of Babel had failed.' Goodness knows when *that* was! Some say that Langres isn't more than a thousand years older than Rome!

Well, anyway, the Marne starts there; and the Seine starts not so very far away (a little south and a little west); and finally both of them get to Paris, wiggling and twisting and turning all the way. Do you like to follow famous rivers on a map? *We* do! You find out so many interesting things that way!

The Valley of the Marne has had an awful lot of fighting in it, for ages and ages, because of this: There are just two places to get through the long wall (one hundred and seventy miles) of mountains called the Vosges (Vo-zh) which are on the French side of the Rhine. One of these is near Strasbourg, and from there the old, old road to Paris goes through Nancy, and Toul, and Bar-le-Duc, and Châlons, and Château-Thierry, and Meaux. (Miss Aldrich's little house was just off this road, near Meaux.) And the other place was at Belfort. The old road from Basle in Switzerland goes through there, and on to Langres (where the Marne starts) and up the Marne's course, all the way to Paris. It joins with the road from Strasbourg at a place called Vitry, where Julius Cæsar built a fortress and left some of his

best soldiers to guard it. They were from his *legio victrix*, and somehow or other that got shortened into Vitry.

Nearly all the invasions of France have come along that Marne Valley road. That's why it's so important to understand about it, and get acquainted with it.

If you were coming up toward Paris by motor from Italy and Switzerland, or over from southern or central Germany, you'd almost certainly come along that road where so many armies have marched, so many royal processions have moved. It was to protect Paris from some of the unwanted people who might come along that road that the Bastille was made so strong. The Bastille was the fortified gate, in Paris's fourteenth-century wall, at the end of this long, long road.

THE ROAD OF A THOUSAND STORIES

We think it's a splendid thing to do, to drive right out the rue de Rivoli, in Paris, till it becomes rue Saint-Antoine; come to the great *Place* where the Bastille used to be; and then keep on going out that old east road to Lagny and Meaux, and as far east as you can go, making as many little side-trips off that road as possible. Go out through the Porte de Vincennes, past the old castle of Vincennes, till you come to the Marne. This probably isn't the way a driver will take you if you just tell him 'Meaux'; but it's a most interesting way to go. Drivers think (naturally) most about roads that are direct and least-bumpy. *We* think about roads that have the most stories on them,

even if they have more bumps. Though *all* the roads out of Paris are full enough of stories, goodness knows! And many of them have plenty of bumps.

You can 'pretend' anything you like, when you get on that great east road. You can pretend you're one of General Gallieni's 'taxicab army' going out that road early in September, 1914, to help hold the Germans back from Paris at the first Battle of the Marne. (He was the Commander of the Fortress of Paris; he had to get a lot of soldiers out from Paris as quickly as he could; so he got all the taxis and loaded them with soldiers, and away they went, rattling along that road.)

Or you can think yourself on that road (near Château-Thierry) in 1918, with the laddies from the United States who were so eager to help that it was hard for their officers to hold them back till the orders came to go ahead. Or you can think you're fleeing eastward in the travelling coach with Louis XVI and Marie Antoinette and their children, when they escaped from the Tuileries. Or you can imagine you're meeting Cæsar's

legions, or marching with Napoleon's armies; or whatever you please.

There's hardly anything along that road now, except a monument or two, to remind anybody of war. It's twenty-eight miles to Meaux, which is just a little farther along the road than Miss Aldrich's hilltop. And then it's thirty miles more to Château-Thierry, which Americans know a good deal about, now, because so many American soldiers were there in the war. Jean La Fontaine, who wrote the most famous fables since Æsop's, was born at Château-Thierry; and, fortunately, his house was left, although nearly everything in the town was wrecked in the war. La Fontaine's father was Master of Forests for the King (Louis XIII), and he used to take his little boy walking with him, in the woods, and teach him lots of things about the trees and animals. Also, he had a great many books, and Jean read and read.

When Jean grew up, he married a girl named Marie who had quite a fortune, but she was an awful bad housekeeper. She read the long novels which were just coming into style, and didn't keep her house or herself tidy, nor her baby from howling. Jean hated such a higgledy-piggledy house. But, instead of chasing Marie up into a tower and locking her in, like the story Nannie used to tell about Bluebeard, Jean just went visiting. People who had grand houses liked to have him for a visitor because he was such good company. And he liked to visit them because they gave him quiet rooms to read and write in, and everything was nice and orderly. So he visited and visited, one

household and another, for almost forty years, until he died!

Belleau Wood, where American soldiers did such fine fighting in July, 1918, is about seven miles from Château-Thierry.

If you could take only two days for this trip, you'd go on from Château-Thierry to Reims, and spend the night there; then go back to Paris by way of Soissons and Pierrefonds and Compiègne. (In that case, of course, you wouldn't go to those places in a one-day trip, before!)

But if you can take long enough to go to Jeanne d'Arc's home, and maybe see a little bit of Alsace, then you'd like it better, we think, if you saved Reims for the return, after you had seen Domrémy.

THE MIRACLE OF THE MARNE

Nannie thinks that every one who can do it ought to go south from Épernay (which is thirty miles beyond Château-Thierry) to a place called Sézanne (twenty-seven and one half miles) and there take a little road down to the river Aube, which joins with the Seine not far to the west of where you strike it.

A little way east, on the Aube, is a village called Plancy, where Marshal Foch was when he did something which Nannie says every one should know about, not just because of what it did in the Great War, but because of what knowing about it helps people to do in the battles that life is full of for us all.

It happened in the early days of September,

1914, when the war had been going on for a month and it looked as if nothing could keep the German army out of Paris. On and on and on they came. There seemed to be no end to them. Some of them came down through Belgium, and some of them came in from beyond Nancy. Everything and everybody went down before them. The French and English soldiers kept retreating and retreating, and getting more and more worn out. Some of them had hardly slept at all for more than a week. Their shoes were worn off their poor, aching feet. They were almost delirious with exhaustion.

On Saturday morning the commanders got an order from General Joffre, their chief. It said: 'The moment has come for the army to advance at all costs and allow itself to be slain where it stands rather than give way.'

It was blistering hot, and the roads were thick with dust.

On Sunday the fighting was fierce, and everything seemed to be going against the French and English.

General Foch had a line twenty-five miles long to defend. It began at Sézanne and ran to the Camp of Mailly, along one of the main roads into Paris. Opposite him, pushing him back and back were the Prussian Guards, the 'crack' fighting-men of Germany, under von Bülow.

Sunday night, Foch's army was still retreating. Monday they fell back farther. And Tuesday they got to the banks of the Aube, where Joffre said their 'dead line' was. They must not go back

a foot farther. They must be slain rather than give way.

Only one part of Foch's army had any success on Tuesday — the part at the west end of his long battle line. The men who went forward instead of back were sleeping, exhausted, when their commander got an order from General Foch to rouse his men and march them all the way to the other end of Foch's line, to help hold it.

Then General Foch telegraphed General Joffre: 'My centre gives way, my right recedes; the situation is excellent. I shall attack.'

General Foch believed that 'a battle won is a battle in which one is not able to believe one's self vanquished.' He believed that, when all seems lost, the thing to do is to rally your forces, and *attack* the enemy!

The Prussian Guards smashed his line and came pouring through — on their way to Paris. Nothing, they believed, could stop them now! So they thought they'd celebrate their victory.

They were doing this when, about six o'clock on Wednesday afternoon, September 8th, they saw what they thought was a new French army arriving from the west. They knew the French *had* no armies in reserve. They never dreamed that Foch would dare take the men from one part of his line to send them to another. So they thought the new army was from Heaven. Some said that Jeanne d'Arc had come back, to save France again, and brought her hosts with her. Some said other things.

But the Germans didn't get to Paris!

If you go down to the Aube, you'll probably take the road that runs through Arcis-sur-Aube, the little town that Danton came from — one of the leaders of the French Revolution. By this time it would be late afternoon, and you'd be thinking of your stop for the night. Seventeen and a half miles south of Arcis is Troyes, a very, very interesting old, old town where there are comfortable hotels and many things to see.

You have probably worn stockings made at Troyes, where they make so many that it seems almost everybody in the world must have worn some of them.

And you've heard of 'Troy weight,' which only jewellers use now. It started in the Middle Ages when people came from all over Europe to the great fairs of Troyes, and something had to be done to decide how much made a pound, so everybody's pounds were the same. Troyes was the capital of the Counts of Champagne, till Champagne became part of the crown property of France, in the fourteenth century.

The man who founded the Knights Templar came from a little town near Troyes. And it was in Troyes that bad old Isabeau of Bavaria made the treaty with the English which snatched the crown of France away from her son, Charles the Dauphin, and agreed to give it to Henry V of England, who was married, at Troyes, to Isabeau's youngest daughter, Katherine. (When you go to Westminster Abbey you see Henry's tomb, and Katherine's, and think of lots of stories about them; so it's very interesting to see the old church

of Saint Jean, at Troyes, where they were married. When they got to London, Dick Whittington gave a grand party for them! He was Lord Mayor of London then, and very, very rich. Henry died at the castle of Vincennes.)

Jeanne d'Arc was a little girl of eight when this marriage happened. When you get over to her cottage, in the morning, you may imagine what was said about Isabeau, beside the fire there, on nights when little Jeanne sat listening to talk about the goings-on at Troyes. It was nine years before she set out to Chinon to tell Charles the Dauphin that he must be King; and on his way to Reims to be crowned, he came to Troyes, with Jeanne, and was recognized as King — here, where his wicked mother had cheated him of his rights.

There are a good many things in Troyes that Jeanne d'Arc saw. And when she was there, Troyes probably had many streets like the 'Street of the Cats' (rue des Chats) which to-day is one of the most once-upon-a-time-y streets left in all France, or Europe — so narrow you could almost shake hands across it with some one in another old gabled house over the way.

When Jeanne took Charles to Reims to be crowned, they probably went north by the very road that you came down from Arcis to Troyes.

WHERE JEANNE D'ARC WAS BORN

Starting out from Troyes to go to Domrémy (where Jeanne was born), you take a road which goes back to the Aube a little farther south and

east than Arcis. You go about eighteen miles to a place called Lesmont, and there the road bends to the south a bit, and in seven miles more you come to Brienne, where Napoleon went to school from his tenth year to his fifteenth. It was from Brienne that he set out for Paris on that barge we saw him landing from. It was along the Aube he went — past Arcis, and Plancy (where Foch was going to make history, long afterwards), and Romilly, to Conflans (which means 'con-fluence'), where the Seine and the Aube flow together. And from there on up to Paris.

Napoleon wasn't happy when he was at Brienne. He couldn't talk French very well; he was mad at France for owning Corsica; he wasn't a sociable or popular boy, at all. But when he became great and famous, he was very, very good to every one who had been kind to him when he was a mis'able little boy in boarding-school. There are lots of pretty stories about things he did for people he knew at Brienne who didn't suppose he'd remember he'd ever seen them.

When he was fighting, in 1814, just before he abdicated at Fontainebleau and went to Elba, he fought a battle at Brienne which damaged the town a lot. So, in his will, he left Brienne a million francs to repair the damage.

In front of the Town Hall (Hôtel de Ville) is a statue of Napoleon as he looked when he was a schoolboy here.

We wonder if you have ever seen a book that Nannie has, and which we all think is so valuable that we wonder how anybody does without it.

It is 'A Dictionary of Napoleon and His Times,' by Hubert N. B. Richardson, B.A.

Now, take Brienne, for instance: You look it up in this book, and find out nearly everything you want to know about Napoleon and Brienne — how he dressed, what he studied, the sort of room he had, how he wore his hair, and so on. Want to know some things about a military school in those days?

Cadets were supposed to enter Brienne at eight or nine years of age, stay six years, and in all that time *never leave* for holidays or visits to relatives! Each cadet had a cell six feet square, with a straw bed, and one rug. He had to keep his cell clean and keep his clothes in order.

They studied French, German, Latin, geography, history, mathematics, writing, drawing, music, fencing, and *dancing!* They read lots of biographies — like Plutarch's 'Lives' — and historical plays. And geography and history had to be taught together — which is another thing we think is fine fun, as well as good education.

No boy could be whipped, or struck. The school believed it was 'injurious to the health, staining the soul and depraving the character.' Instead, the school tried to train the boys to discipline them*selves*.

There isn't much left of the school, now. But we think it's great to see Brienne.

Domrémy is a wee village on the Meuse — a river that people used to hear a great deal about in the late war; it flows on up past Saint-Mihiel and Verdun and through the Ardennes, and

through Namur and Liège in Belgium, and on and on till it joins the Rhine and reaches the North Sea at the Hook of Holland where the boats from England land. The Meuse is five hundred and sixty miles long, and about three hundred and sixty miles of it have boats on — more boats than almost any other river except the Rhine. But at Domrémy it's just a baby-river that has hardly started on its adventures in the world.

When we were very small we used to love a phonograph record of a fine military band playing 'Le Sambre et Meuse.' It's great to march to, and we used to march a lot in those days, carrying French and American flags. The Sambre is another river, that flows into the Meuse at Namur, in Belgium.

Jeanne was born on Twelfth Night, 1412. And Twelfth Night, you know, is the anniversary of that twelfth day after Christmas (January 6) when the Kings, or Wise Men, of the East, following the Star of Bethlehem, came with their gifts to where the Young Child lay.

Jeanne's father Jacques (French for James) was a fairly well-off peasant who owned some things — not one who just worked for a man over him. Jeanne's mother was a woman who had travelled! She had been all the way to Rome on a pilgrimage. She taught Jeanne to knit and spin and sew and do everything about the house; and often Jeanne would take her spinning or knitting outdoors and do it while she kept an eye on her father's flocks, just as you see girls doing all up and down the roadsides of France to-day. France doesn't have

much pasture land where animals can graze — everything that can grow any crop has to be growing it, and the animals mostly graze along the roadside ditches; so somebody has to look after them, a little.

Jeanne was a good girl. She loved to do what made people like her. She was strong and well, but not a merry, noisy, romping kind of girl — very quiet, and did a lot of thinking.

Their little house was on a main road that went through that gap at Belfort, and into Switzerland, and on, over the Great Saint Bernard Pass, into Italy, and on to Rome. Many people came and went that way — merchants and pilgrims and soldiers — and as there were few inns in those days, probably many a wayfarer asked for, and got, a night's lodging in Jeanne's home.

Nannie said we should rub our magic rings and find ourselves sitting by the fire there some night when a wayfarer recently from Paris was telling how the baby King, Henry VI, of England (son of Henry V and Katherine, married at Troyes) had been proclaimed King of France, too.

The English held all of France north of the Loire (the river so many châteaux are on) and a good deal south of it; the war that's called the Hundred Years' War had been going on then for more than seventy-five years, and the poor people of France were exhausted and in deep despair.

Jeanne sat quiet in her chimney-corner and listened and listened, while her elders told about wicked Isabeau of Bavaria and all the harm she had done to France during the long, sad, troubled

years when her poor crazy husband couldn't do anything to help his kingdom nor to keep her from hurting it.

Jeanne heard them tell about the prophecy of a woman called Marie of Avignon who had said that, though France was being ruined by a woman (Isabeau), she would be restored by a woman, by an armed virgin from the borders of Lorraine.

When the little English baby, Harry of Windsor, was born there was a prophecy about him, too. We don't know if Jeanne ever heard it. But some one in England had said that Harry of Windsor

would lose all that Harry of Monmouth had won. Now, Henry V was born at Monmouth, and was called Harry of Monmouth. He told this prophecy to his French wife, Katherine, and begged her to stay away from Windsor Castle, for fear a baby boy might be born to her there and become Harry of Windsor. But when Henry V had to go back to France, leaving Katherine in England, off to Windsor she went, and there her little boy was born, and she named him Henry.

The prophecy about him came true, too — as true as the one about the armed virgin from Lorraine. Harry of Windsor *did* lose all that Harry of Monmouth had won, and more too! When you get to the Tower of London, you see where he was murdered, after one of the saddest lives that any King ever had.

Jeanne was about twelve when she began to believe that she was the girl from Lorraine that God was going to use to restore France. She used to go a great deal into the village church beside her home, and pray to God about the sorrows of her country. And from then on, to the end of her life (seven years), she believed that Saint Michael, Prince of the Armies of the Lord, Saint Catherine, and Saint Margaret appeared to her in visions, spoke to her, and told her what to do.

At length, when she was just past seventeen, she left her village home, forever, and went to Vaucouleurs to ask the Governor, named Baudricourt, to give her an escort so she could go to Chinon.

Baudricourt said she was an impudent wench

and needed a good whipping. But the people of Vaucouleurs believed in her, and helped her get to Chinon. That was in March. In May, they heard

what she had done at Orléans. In July, those of them who could get away went at least as far as Châlons to see their Jeanne pass on her way to Reims, taking the Dauphin to be crowned.

Less than a year after that, they heard of her having been taken prisoner at Compiègne. And then, in another year, they heard that she had died at the stake in Rouen.

You seem to see it all, when you're at Domrémy. It's a very wonderful experience, going there. We wish that thousands of children could go.

When you leave, you go up to Vaucouleurs, and on, through Toul, to Nancy, a beautiful small city where you'll probably spend the night. While you're there, go to see the place where Charles the Bold was killed — where he lost his 'blut,' after having lost his 'gut' (or goods) at Grandson, and his 'mut' (or nerve) at Morat. Remember? In our story of Switzerland?

There are many stories about Nancy; but we mustn't try to start on them, because there's so much else to say about this trip, before you get back to Paris.

If you can take five or six days for it, we hope you'll go east, from Nancy, and see at least a little of Alsace.

ALSACE

There's a town called Obernai, not far from Strasbourg, which looks as if *all* the fairy tales had happened there. Storks nest in the chimneys; the lovely old gabled houses are too picturesque for

words. There are fountains that could only have been made for princes in disguise to stop at and fall in love with maidens who had flaxen hair and

eyes like blue forget-me-nots. There are balconies that princesses must have leaned down from to listen to lovers who were going to rescue them from cruel guardians. If you have ever thought that fairy tales were 'all made up,' you know, when you go to Obernai, that they weren't. They

must have happened right there — though in our last chapter we're going to tell you about another place where many of them might have happened.

We have always loved the 'Marseillaise' and the colored postcard picture of the painting in the Louvre, showing Rouget de Lisle singing the 'Marseillaise' for the first time, just after he had written it, in the house of the Mayor of Strasbourg.

Strasbourg is on the French side of the Rhine. The other side of the river is Germany. When Marie Antoinette came to the Rhine, in May, 1770, to be married to Louis the Dauphin, there was a pavilion erected on an island in the exact middle of the river, where Germany left off and France began. And there she took off every stitch of her Austrian clothes, and dressed (even to her hairpins!) in things brought from Versailles. Then she crossed to the French side, and became the guest of that very Cardinal de Rohan who was to make so much trouble for her, years later, with the Diamond Necklace.

Twenty-two years went by, and on the 20th of April, 1792, Marie Antoinette's brother, the Austrian Emperor, declared war upon France because France was having a Revolution. Nearly all of France became furious at this outside interference, but no place was fuller of resentment than Alsace, where everybody who could possibly be a soldier was rushing to enlist in the Republican army.

On the evening of April 23d, there were a num-

ber of friends gathered at the home of the Mayor of Strasbourg, whose name was Dietrich. Most of the men were going to march, almost immediately, in defence of liberty; and everybody was wishing they had a fine new marching song — one that hadn't been written for soldiers of a king.

Rouget de Lisle was a young officer who could play the violin and write verses, and sometimes he composed music. When he left the Mayor's house that night, he went to his own lodging and wrote words and music of a song he called 'The Chant of Departure of the Army of the Rhine.'

The next evening, Mayor Dietrich gathered the group together again, and Rouget sang his new song for them.

In July of that year, the men of the Midi (or South) who came marching up from Marseilles to attack the Tuileries and chase the royal family

into prison, sang this stirring song; and ever since, it has been called the 'Marseillaise.'

You can see Mayor Dietrich's house at No. 2, Place Broglie, when you go to Strasbourg. And of course you'll want to see the famous clock in Strasbourg Cathedral. The time to see it is at noon, when the twelve Apostles come out and bow before Christ, who blesses them; and a cock crows three times and flaps his wings. There is a small copy of this clock in the British Museum, that we went to see.

VERDUN

When you leave Strasbourg, you will probably go through Metz to Verdun. Verdun is forty miles west of Metz on one of the main roads from Germany to Paris.

In August, 1792, after the men of the Midi, singing the 'Marseillaise,' had got to Paris and stormed the Tuileries, and the royal family were in the Temple Prison, about seventy thousand Prussians came marching along that road to Verdun, and took the town, and went on to Valmy (which you'll pass on your way to Reims), where they were terribly defeated by the new Republican army of France under a general who was born at Strasbourg.

Again the Prussians came to Verdun in 1870. And again they took it. And this time they were not stopped — they got to Paris. Metz had to be given to them because they wouldn't leave Paris till they got lots of money, and Alsace and Lorraine. (Metz is in Lorraine.)

So Verdun had to be made as strong as the French knew how to do it — to keep the Germans back the next time they marched on Paris. And when the Great War began, it was the center of about sixteen large forts and twenty smaller ones, in an area that was thirty miles in circumference.

In peace-times there were about eight thousand soldiers in those forts, and twelve thousand people in the town of Verdun.

About the beginning of 1916, when the war had been going on for a year and a half, the Germans decided that the way to win it was to make a tremendous attack on a place of such importance that the Allies (the French and English particularly) would try to hold it till their very last man was gone.

On February 21, 1916, the Battle of Verdun began; and for months and months, throughout two and a half years, the Germans rained about two hundred thousand big-calibre shells a day on that group of forts. Sometimes as many as eight hundred shells a day struck the city of Verdun; so you can imagine how much was left of it when the war was over. But the Germans never got in. The French soldiers said, 'They shall not pass!' And they didn't pass!

But oh! the lives it cost to hold that road to Paris! And the terrible, terrible suffering!

It makes you think, very hard, when you see places like Fort Vaux, and the Trench of the Bayonets, and Douaumont.

When you leave Verdun by that road to Paris which the Germans were trying to take, you come

to Clermont-en-Argonne where the Americans started their great 'push,' toward the end of the war. And just beyond is Sainte-Menehould, where Louis XVI was recognized when he and his family were escaping from France; and where the pursuit of them started that ended, the same night, at Varennes, north of Clermont, when they were arrested and taken back to Paris. This was in June, 1791.

REIMS

Reims is believed, by some, to have been founded by Remus, the twin brother of Romulus, and to be the same age as Rome.

Anyway, when Julius Cæsar came to it, he found a city that was rich and well-governed, and the people in it called themselves the Remi. The Remi liked the Romans, and aided them. There is a fine old arch in Reims that they erected in honor of Julius Cæsar.

Reims was an elegant city, under the Romans; and when they began to be Christians they built beautiful churches. The cathedral that Clovis and his soldiers were baptized in on Christmas Day, 495, was so magnificent that Clovis asked the Bishop if this was the Kingdom of God which he'd been told he would inherit.

There was such a crowd outside the cathedral that the priest who was bringing the holy oil to anoint Clovis couldn't get through. Then, as the story goes, 'a dove whiter than snow descended from heaven and laid on the altar a vial of crystal filled with a divine balm.'

Historians say that this story was 'made-up' almost four hundred years after Clovis's day. Nannie told us this because she says we have to learn, as we read history, that a story which was made-up may be more interesting than if it really happened. She says there was a man, once, who said if he could make the songs for a country, he didn't care who made its laws. The songs that millions of people sing have an awful lot to do with what they admire, and desire, and *are;* and so have the stories and legends they believe.

Nannie says that if the Archbishop of Reims in the days of Charlemagne's grandson, Charles the Bald, started the story about the dove, it was because the people were very hard to keep in order, and he hoped they would be more respectful of their kings if they believed that the kings were anointed with oil sent from heaven. What they needed most was respect for their rulers; and that was what the Archbishop was trying to make them have.

Anyway, nearly thirty kings, in more than eight hundred years, came to Reims to be crowned, so they could be anointed with that holy oil. Until Jeanne d'Arc's day it was the custom for the prince who was coming to be crowned to come riding on a white horse to one of the city gates, and there one of the magistrates of Reims gave him the keys of the city. But Jeanne said her Voices told her to give the keys. So, ever afterward, it was a young girl who did it.

Reims was taken by the Germans early in the war. They couldn't stay long; but all through the

rest of the war they were very close outside, and shelled it constantly. From five thousand to fifteen thousand shells rained on it every day for more than four years. People had to live in the miles of champagne cellars, and the children went to school down there. Only about a hundred

houses in the whole city were left when the war was over. The glorious cathedral was ruined, but it is being repaired; an American, Mr. John D. Rockefeller, Jr., gave a lot of money for it, which we think was a very wonderful thing to do.

There's a lot about Reims that we ought to tell you, but we can't; we haven't room.

We only hope that we have made you want to take this trip and see it for yourselves.

Your way back to Paris is by Soissons and Pierrefonds and Compiègne, that we've told about.

CHAPTER IX

DOWN IN THE SOUTH OF FRANCE

We can't take many more pages for our book, or it would get too big. There are wonderful parts of France that we haven't told anything about. One reason is that we don't know them yet. And another reason is that, if we *did* know them all, they would be too much for one volume.

We have tried to get into this book the parts that you are most likely to see when you go to France, and that have the most things in them that school studies and favorite books are about. They are all in the north of France, not so very far from Paris.

The south of France is full of stories, too; and it is very beautiful — at least, the parts of it we have seen are like that. And Nannie, who has seen it all, says the other parts are, too.

In this chapter we want to tell you a little about the southeastern corner of France.

If you land in France, as we did, or anywhere in the north (as in England, or at Rotterdam, or Antwerp) and go to Paris and from there toward Italy, this corner that we're going to tell about is on your way to Italy. Or, rather, it is *one* way from Paris to Italy, and a way that many people choose. They like to go to Italy this way, and come back out of Italy by way of the Italian Lakes and Switzerland. That's what we did.

Nannie says it's lovely to motor all the way — she has done it, several times. But we didn't. We took the train from Paris to Avignon, as most people do who go over this route.

It's a rather longish train ride — almost twelve hours — but we didn't mind it much. That was the only train we had been in, in France, except the boat train from Cherbourg to Paris. It happened that there was no one in the compartment with us, and we could stretch out when we wanted to. We had exciting new books to read, and games and cards to play, and a few goodies to eat, and the country we passed through was lovely.

We left Paris at eight-thirty in the morning, and it was getting on towards eight at night (but still quite light) when we got to Avignon, and to our beautiful hotel, where our rooms were all 'done' in that chintz or linen with scenes printed on it, which is called *toile de Jouy*. Marie Antoinette liked it, and had it on some of her rooms. And Napoleon had a design made where the pictures were all about him. Nannie has some with the Napoleon pictures, and so we've known about it for quite a while.

After a long day on the train, you know how you can't wait to get into a nice bath! We had two lovely bathrooms — great big ones, with every kind of fancy plumbing in — and when we had got all cleaned and freshened up, we decided we'd have a kimono party and eat dinner in our rooms. So we opened wide the French windows onto our balcony, till it was almost like outdoors, and had our dinner table set beside them. And

it wasn't long, after dinner, till we were all asleep.

The thing you probably know best about Avignon is the old French nursery song:

'Sur le pont d'Avignon.'

French children play a game to it, as we do to 'London Bridge.'

There's a pretty story about that bridge. It used to have twenty-two arches, but only four of them are left. It was built in the late 'leven-hundreds; and this is the story:

The people at Avignon had wanted a bridge, for a long time; but the current of the Rhône was so swift and strong that nobody believed a bridge could be built there — or that, if it were built, it could stand. The river that you may have seen (or be going to see), born up near the Saint Gotthard Pass, at the Rhône Glacier in Switzerland, is a mighty river indeed by the time it gets to Avignon, which is very near the end of its long course. It is very wide, as well as swift-flowing; and down below the great rock that Avignon's built on, there were pieces of low ground that the river would loosen from one bank and carry over to the other — and then, perhaps, bring back again some other day.

Well, one day (so the story goes) there was a little shepherd boy named Bénézet, or Benedict, twelve years old, tending his mother's flocks, some distance from Avignon, when an angel appeared to him in the guise of a pilgrim, and led him to Avignon where, the angel said, Bénézet was to build a bridge over the Rhône.

Bénézet had never even seen the Rhône, and of course he didn't know anything about building bridges. But he went with the angel.

The Bishop was preaching when Bénézet came into the church, and told everybody what he had come to do.

Of course the Bishop didn't like being interrupted, and especially by such a raggedy boy telling such a crazy thing. So he told some guards to take Bénézet out and give him a good beating.

But Bénézet kept insisting that God told him to come, and God would help him build the bridge. And the officer of the guard was kind of scared to beat him.

'Can a little beggar boy,' he said, 'do what

neither God nor Saint Peter nor the Emperor Charlemagne has ever been able to accomplish?'

But then he said: 'Look here! If you can move this stone and carry it to the river, maybe I'll believe that God sent you.'

And he pointed to a stone so heavy that thirty men could not budge it.

Bénézet knelt down by the huge stone, and prayed. Then he rose, picked it up as if it were a pebble, and carried it to the bank of the Rhône where the bridge was to be begun.

This impressed everybody so that work on the bridge was begun at once. But before the bridge was finished, Bénézet died, and they buried him in the chapel that was always built on bridges ever since the days of ancient Rome, when the Pontifex Maximus (or Great Bridge-Builder), who was the head of the religion, went out on the bridge and made sacrifices so the Tiber wouldn't overflow.

Grown people find a good deal at Avignon to interest them, but we think there isn't so much for children. The Popes lived at Avignon for several generations, in the fourteenth century, and in that time a lot of things happened there which are important in history.

The view from the terrace at the north end of town is wonderful. And if you stay at Avignon for a week or so, you can go on a different excursion, in motor cars, every day, and keep on seeing the most interesting places anybody could imagine.

THE OLD ROMAN TOWN OF ORANGE

One of these goes up the Rhône to Orange, where the princes came from who made so much history in Holland and in England — and in Ireland! You hear a lot about Orangemen, in Ireland, and even in the United States. It was a name given to the Protestants who wanted King James II's son-in-law, William of Orange, to be king of England, with James's daughter, Mary, instead of keeping James himself on the throne, as James was Catholic.

There is a fine Roman arch at Orange, built in the time of Christ. And a Roman theatre that could hold forty thousand people. They still have plays in it, and it is better preserved than any Roman theatre left in Italy.

Henri Fabre lived at Orange for a long while, and also at Avignon. He taught at Avignon for seventeen years, and got a salary of three hundred and twenty dollars a year! And on this he supported seven — his wife and himself and five children! He was a wonderful teacher, too. And he felt so mad at the dull textbooks that his pupils in science had to study that he started telling them stories about plants and animals, about the sun and stars, the air we breathe, the food we eat, the water we drink, the clothes we wear, that made all those things just thrillingly interesting.

Somebody said about Fabre that he could 'make chemistry as dramatic as history, and biology as enthralling as a detective story.' He could, too! If you have never read any of his

books about bees and wasps and ants and spiders, you've got a grand surprise waiting for you.

He was such a great man that he cared far more about making the youngest and simplest people eager to know more, than he cared about showing-off to other scientists.

There was another very great Frenchman of science, who lived at the same time with Fabre and was just one year older. That was Louis Pasteur, who used his marvellous knowledge in a very different way. Fabre, as a writer, made millions of people intensely interested in the humblest forms of life about them; he not only made us know the tiny creatures, but he made us feel God in them, and be reverent, and have courage and hope. Pasteur *applied* his knowledge, and made it solve great problems that were weighing very heavy on millions of people who couldn't solve those problems for themselves. Once, when the sheep in France got a terrible disease and were dying by the thousands, Pasteur found a way to cure it; and they said that he saved France more money than she had to pay Germany because she lost the Franco-Prussian War in 1870–71. You know that he learned how to treat people bitten by mad dogs, so they wouldn't have hydrophobia. Well, he did so many things, of such enormous usefulness, that you can hardly believe there could ever be one man who made the whole world of his time and all times to come owe him so much gratitude.

One day, when Fabre was a science teacher at Avignon, Pasteur came to see him, and said: 'I'd

like to see some cocoons. Could you get me some? I've never seen any.'

Fabre said he could. Lots of people in Avignon kept silkworms, and that was why Pasteur had come; because the silkworms had got a disease that was killing them off so fast it looked as if there wouldn't be any silk industry in France, pretty soon. And tens of thousands of French people live by making silk.

Fabre was surprised that the Government should send a man down there to try to stop the disease who had never seen a cocoon. But he went next door and got a pocketful and brought them to Pasteur.

Pasteur looked at them with great interest, and held one up to his ear, shaking it.

'It rattles,' he said. 'There's something inside.'

Fabre could hardly keep from laughing.

'Of course!' he said. 'That's a chrysalis.'

And then Pasteur, talking just as Sisser used to when she was a tot and always saying, 'Wha' *mean* by' so-and-so, said to Fabre, 'Wha' *mean* by *chrysalis?*'

'I mean the sort of mummy,' Fabre said, 'into which the worm changes before turning into a butterfly.'

'And is there a mummy in every cocoon?' Pasteur asked.

'Surely! It is to protect the mummy that the silkworm spins the cocoon.'

'Oh!'

Nannie says that a man who wasn't as great as Pasteur would never have asked such childlike

questions. A man who cared more to keep people from finding out what he didn't know than he cared to learn, would have pretended he understood what a chrysalis is and how we get silk from it. Pasteur was so eager to learn that he never stopped to care whether anybody was surprised at his ignorance nor if they were impressed by his knowledge. He didn't know the first thing in the world about a silkworm. He was there to find out. He *did* find out! He learned how to stop the disease, and he saved the silk industry for France.

We think that is one of the most thrilling stories we know. Fabre said it taught him a great lesson, too — although he was always a simple man because he was great *inside*. He said that ever afterwards when he tackled a subject he never pretended, even to himself, that he knew *any*thing about it — he just began at the very beginning, to see what he could find out; and he kept at it until he had learned what he wanted to know.

ROMANS AND CRUSADERS

Another place you go from Avignon on an excursion is to Nîmes, and on the way you see the magnificent Roman aqueduct called the Pont du Gard. It has three tiers of arches — six on the lowest tier, eleven above them, and thirty-five on the top row. This is the finest Roman aqueduct that's left, anywhere — except maybe the one at Segovia in Spain. Certainly there isn't any left in Italy that is half so wonderful. This one was part of the waterworks system that carried water — good, spring water — for more than twenty-five

miles, into the Roman city they called Nemausus and we call Nîmes.

Nîmes is a beautiful little city, with a good deal left that the Romans built, including a sort of Greek temple, something like the Parthenon, but much smaller, which Augustus Cæsar erected in 'the year One,' to his grandsons that he hoped were going to be his heirs. But they both died before he did — so he was succeeded by his step-son, Tiberius.

The Coliseum or Arena at Nîmes was built just a few years after the one at Rome. They still use it (sometimes for bull-fights) and it seats nearly twenty-five thousand people.

From Nîmes it isn't far to Aigues-Mortes, which Saint Louis (Louis IX) bought from a subject of his sister-in-law, Beatrice of Provence, so he could have a harbor on the Mediterranean for his ships that went on Crusades.

He camped there for six weeks in the summer of 1248, while he was getting ready to go on his first Crusade. And if you have a good magic ring, you can turn it or rub it till you see his fleet putting out to sea.

He sailed again from Aigues-Mortes, more than twenty years later, and never came back. He died at Tunis.

His son had the great walls built. You can walk on them and gaze seaward and expect to spy a Crusading fleet coming home. For nearly everything at Aigues-Mortes looks like the Middle Ages.

From there you can go to a place called Les

Saintes-Maries, or the Holy Marys. There is a story that, after Christ died, Lazarus and Martha and Mary Magdalene, and Mary, the mother of James and John, and Mary, the sister of the Virgin, were all sent to sea in an open boat, and landed at this place. With them was a servant named Sarah, who was quite dark. Somehow or other, the gypsies of Europe got the idea that

Sarah was a gypsy like themselves. So they adopted her for their special saint, and each year they go in great pilgrimages to Saintes-Maries, to Sarah's tomb, and elect their queen, and have a procession, and races and dances and bull-fights, and a fair. It is a great sight to see — one of the most picturesque in Europe. And the great church that's built there, by the sea, is like a fortress.

Close by is the Rhône Delta, a vast plain called the Camargue, where the cowboys ride white horses that are descended from steeds the Arabs left more than a thousand years ago. They have rodeos — those French cowboys on their Arab horses do! — with fine exhibitions of steer-throwing and branding, and rough riding, and all those things which we think are only Western-American.

The next time we go to Arles, we're going out onto the Camargue to ride Arab ponies and see the cowboys (called *gardiens*); and we hope it will be at a time when the gypsies are at Saintes-Maries.

We never can forget how impressed we were with Arles. And before we went there we had hardly any ideas about it and what it was going to be like. It was 'just a place' to us. Nannie had been there several times, and liked it very much, but she had never told us any stories about it. She doesn't know *why*. But, somehow, she didn't expect us to be very interested in Arles. We went there because she had some things to attend to.

The hotel we stayed at has some pillars of a temple of the old Roman Forum of Arles, built

into the front of it. The little square the hotel is on was where the Forum of Arles used to be; and those pillars have been there a long, long time. The hotel was kind of built around them.

It isn't a big hotel, and it isn't elegant (just spick and shining-clean, and comfortable, with good food), but oh, my! did we find it thrilling? Because the cellar is full of things the Romans left there; and we went down there, and 'explored.'

Nannie says it was our first taste of antiquity. We hadn't paid any attention to the Roman things that are left in Paris — they didn't mean so much to us till after we had been to Rome. But at Arles we got so excited about Romans that the home-folks said our letters from Arles were just full of 'first century' this and 'first century' that; and if we had to mention something that was 'second century,' we wrote of it as if it was almost modern.

It was M. Bessière who got us so excited about 'first century.' He is the proprietor of the hotel we stayed at, and he knows a lot about ancient times, and about the history of that part of France where Arles is — which is called Provence, because the Romans called it their Province. And he took us everywhere in Arles and explained things to us.

He was a great friend of Mistral, the poet whose statue stands in the square where the Forum used to be. Mistral was a native of Provence, and adored his part of France, and wrote about it so beautifully that he made all the other people who

were born there prouder than ever of their province and its people and their romance and history. He collected many sorts of things that were made in Provence and gave them to Arles to start a special kind of museum, which is fascinating: a museum that shows the costumes and customs of the people in that province.

There are rooms that you don't go into, but look into through the big glass fronts, where you see the complete furnishings as they are in people's houses (or, perhaps, more as they *used* to be), and wax-figure people in them, in their picturesque costumes, doing the things that are customary in their part of France and their kind of life. You couldn't get such a good idea of the province in any other way. Because, even if you went into homes, and they were as full of interesting old things (not mixed up with some very ugly modern stuff, the way many of them really are), you could hardly hope to go at just the time when such things were happening as you see in the museum: Christmas Eve in a big farm kitchen out on the Camargue (where the cowboys are), or the women of a neighborhood coming to call on the mother of a new baby, each woman bringing a gift to make the baby's life complete; and so on.

We loved this museum. And when we came out, we bought dolls dressed in the lovely Arlésienne costumes. And we bought wooden 'cut-outs' of *gardiens* on their white horses; and others of them afoot, and dancing; and others of their girls, in gay colors. What we wanted very much to buy was a complete *crêche* of the tiny plaster figures

called *santons;* but it was as if some one tried to buy a collection of Christmas tree ornaments, at home, in May. They are not on sale. We got a few *santons*, but not at all what we wanted.

In this part of France the Christmas ceremonies are specially picturesque and full of the spirit of Bible times. Instead of trees with glittering ornaments, like ours, every family and school and church has a *crêche*, a nativity tableau, of little plaster figures. Of course everybody has the baby, Jesus, and his mother and Saint Joseph, and the shepherds, and the cows and sheep, and the Wise Men with their camels and their strange-looking

servants. Then, each year, everybody gets a few new ones, just as we get a few new tree-ornaments; and the group gets bigger and bigger, and each new figure tells a new story. So many of these little plaster figures are sold that each year, before Christmas, there is a big Fair of Santons at Marseilles, where thousands and thousands of them are sold. These figures are made, and colored, in homes, during the months before Christmas. Some of them are much better than others, and cost more. The ones we want to get, when we can make up a selection, are the Bible characters who are really in the Christmas story, and then as many as we can get of the typical Provence characters — like the cowboys and shepherds and fishermen, and gypsies who come there twice a year, and all the kinds that illustrate the life of Provence. There are wonderful collections of *santons* in the museum; but the shops had hardly any for sale when we were there.

We went to this museum first, because Nannie was pretty sure we would like it. And after we had seen it, we began seeing the Roman things — the Arena (our first Coliseum!), and the ruins of the lovely theatre, and the museum of Roman sculpture; and so on.

We got so interested!

M. Bessière has a lot of Roman things — vases and lamps and coins — that were dug out of his cellar. He took us down there to explore; and he gave us a teeny-wee Roman lamp ('first century'!) and each of us a Roman coin — also 'first century' — and let us poke around all we wanted to. We'll

never forget it! Somehow, we felt quite *intimate* with Romans, by the time we left Arles. And we had such a good time there!

THE RIVIERA

We liked Nice. We went in swimming, each morning, across the Promenade des Anglais from our hotel. But what we like the best of all about the Riviera (as that whole beautiful Mediterranean shore, from Marseilles almost to Pisa, is called) was the little old towns up in the mountains.

We can hardly think how there could be a more delightful day than the one we had when we took the trip to the Gorge de Loup (the Loup, pronounced *Lou*, is a river), and visited Gourdon and Grasse.

When we first saw Gourdon, from a long way off, we thought nothing but an eagle could ever get up there. But, pretty soon, we were there — and without flying, either! We thought Gourdon was the most romantic place we had ever seen, and we bought ever so many souvenirs from the women who had little stands or stalls close to the parapet that keeps you from falling *miles* (it seems) into the marvellous valley below. Betty bought a napkin-ring made of the horn of a mountain goat. She uses it every day, and we often talk of Gourdon. Other things we bought were teeny-weeny chickens and other animals made of very, very thin glass, and filled with perfume. We had them rolled in cotton, and got them home without breaking one.

We were more fortunate with them than with

our purchases from the wonderful aquarium at Monaco. We wanted souvenirs of that, and Betty bought a dried sea-horse, and Sisser bought a dried crab. The sea-horse lasted pretty well; but the crab, that Sisser paid ten precious francs for, was very, very frail. He was in a little box, and Sisser was carrying him so carefully. But she fell

down, *on* Mr. Crab! And when she got up, Mr. Crab was as bad-off as Humpty Dumpty. All the King's horses and all the King's men couldn't have put Mr. Crab together again.

We hope you won't miss seeing the Aquarium and other parts of the Prince of Monaco's Museum of Oceanography, at Monaco. But we earnestly advise you not to invest in a dried crab.

At Grasse, we went into a factory where they make candied fruits and flowers. And of course we bought some of those. We also went into a perfume factory, and saw the way perfume is made, from the time the flowers are brought in to be crushed until the pretty bottles of scent are ready for sale.

Grasse is a lovely old town, full of stories; and it has very nice hotels that we think it would be lovely to stay in for a long time.

The Grasse story that is the most famous is about those four girls who all became queens.

One day their father, who was Count of Provence, was walking in one of the streets of Grasse, when he met a pilgrim whose noble appearance impressed the Count so much that he invited the pilgrim to his palace, and kept him there. The pilgrim had travelled far and wide, and he could talk about his travels, fascinatingly. The Count preferred him to any of his old courtiers, and made him his prime minister.

Of course, the other courtiers were jealous; and so they made up a story against the pilgrim, Romeo, and told the Count that Romeo was robbing him — that he had a strong-box in his room which he allowed no one to touch; so it was probably full of the Count's gold.

At first the Count wouldn't listen to these insinuations. But by and by he went into Romeo's room and ordered him to open the box.

'Since you no longer trust me,' Romeo said, 'I'll open it.'

He did! And in the box were his dusty old pil-

grim clothes that he had been wearing when the Count met him.

'Can you ever forgive me?' the shamed Count begged him.

'I forgive you a thousand times over,' Romeo answered; 'but you have broken my heart.'

And he took off his fine robes, put on his old pilgrim clothes, and left the castle. The Count never saw him again.

That story was being told up and down Europe in Dante's day, and he put it in the 'Paradise' part of his 'Divine Comedy.'

All around Grasse are thousands of acres of flowers grown for perfumes.

Another excursion that nearly everybody takes from Nice is by way of the famous Grande Corniche Drive, to Mentone and Monte Carlo. Until Napoleon had this fine road, with the splendid views, built, there was such a rough track between Nice and San Remo that people used to go along the coast by boat. Now there are three Corniche drives — the high one that's called the Grande Corniche, and the low one that's along the shore and is called the Little Corniche (Petite Corniche), and a Middle one between the other two.

It's the Middle one that Eze is on. And Eze is a town even more romantic than Gourdon. Those four girls that became queens lived some of the time at Eze, and so did Romeo that their father suspected. A few years ago, Eze was just ruins and desolation. But some romantic Americans discovered it and decided to fix up homes for them-

selves in some of the old story-book houses which they could get for almost nothing. So now, the tiny town is — well, not 'spruced up,' or anything quite like that, but you can see that a few people are living in it very comfortably, and the others don't look *un*comf'table. We wandered all around Eze, but we didn't feel that we would like to live there.

On the Grande Corniche, farther on, is La Turbie, which was a way-station on the old Roman road, nearly eight hundred miles long, that led from the Forum in Rome to the Forum in Arles. There's the ruin of a Tower of Victory that the Roman Senate ordered built to commemorate the victories of Emperor Augustus Cæsar over the tribes of southern Gaul — that is, around here. The tower was finished before Christ was born. There's lots to think about, as well as much to see, when you get out at La Turbie for the celebrated view.

And when you leave, you go down toward Monte Carlo past a little old town called Roquebrune (or Brown Rock) which we were very, very anxious to see, because Nannie has a book that she's very fond of which says that it is just the town that boys and girls love to read about and dream about and to make the scene of the doings of their heroes and their heroines.

The book (which was written by a man who was King George's surgeon) says: 'There is a steep, cobble-paved lane in Roquebrune up which Jack and Jill must assuredly have climbed when they went to fetch the pail of water which led to the

regrettable accident.' And it goes on to say that the entrance to Roquebrune is precisely the sort of entrance a beanstalk like Jack's would lead to; the castle at Roquebrune is undoubtedly the very castle that Jack the Giant Killer found his giant in. The surgeon, whose name was Sir Frederick Treves, found Old Mother Hubbard's cupboard, in Roquebrune; and Humpty Dumpty's wall; and little Red Riding Hoods playing in the square, and wolves not far outside the town who looked as if they would eat up Grandmas. He even said that he believed that Peter Pan really lived there, and not in Kensington.

'No one should grow up in this queer city,' he said, 'just as no place in a nursery tale should grow old.'

We heard so much and thought so much about Roquebrune that we could hardly wait to see it — and yet, we were kind of afraid to go there, for fear we wouldn't find it at all like we expected it to be.

But we thought it was all the dear, child-hearted doctor-man said — and more! And, what do you think? Not only did we find that selfsame steep street where Jack fell down and cracked his crown, but when we got there, we found Jill, and her pail, with the spilled water, and she was crying — but Jack was nowhere to be seen. Some kind women had come out of their story-book houses, to try and comfort her; and lots of children were standing around, looking sorry.

When Jill saw us, she stopped crying for a second, so she could take a better look. Nannie

gave her a nice bright new franc (they are brass, and look like gold pieces, when they're new), and you should have seen Jill! No more crying for her that day! Clutching her 'gold,' she ran as

fast as she could, up the steep street, to find her mother.

All the kind women laughed, and we laughed too.

If ever we have little boys and girls of our own, and say nursery rhymes for them, the way all mothers do, we're going to tell them how we met Jill, and comforted her. And we know, from ex-

perience, how that's going to make them feel. It's *SO* good to know some one that has really been where It All Comes True, and can make you look forward to going there too.

THE END

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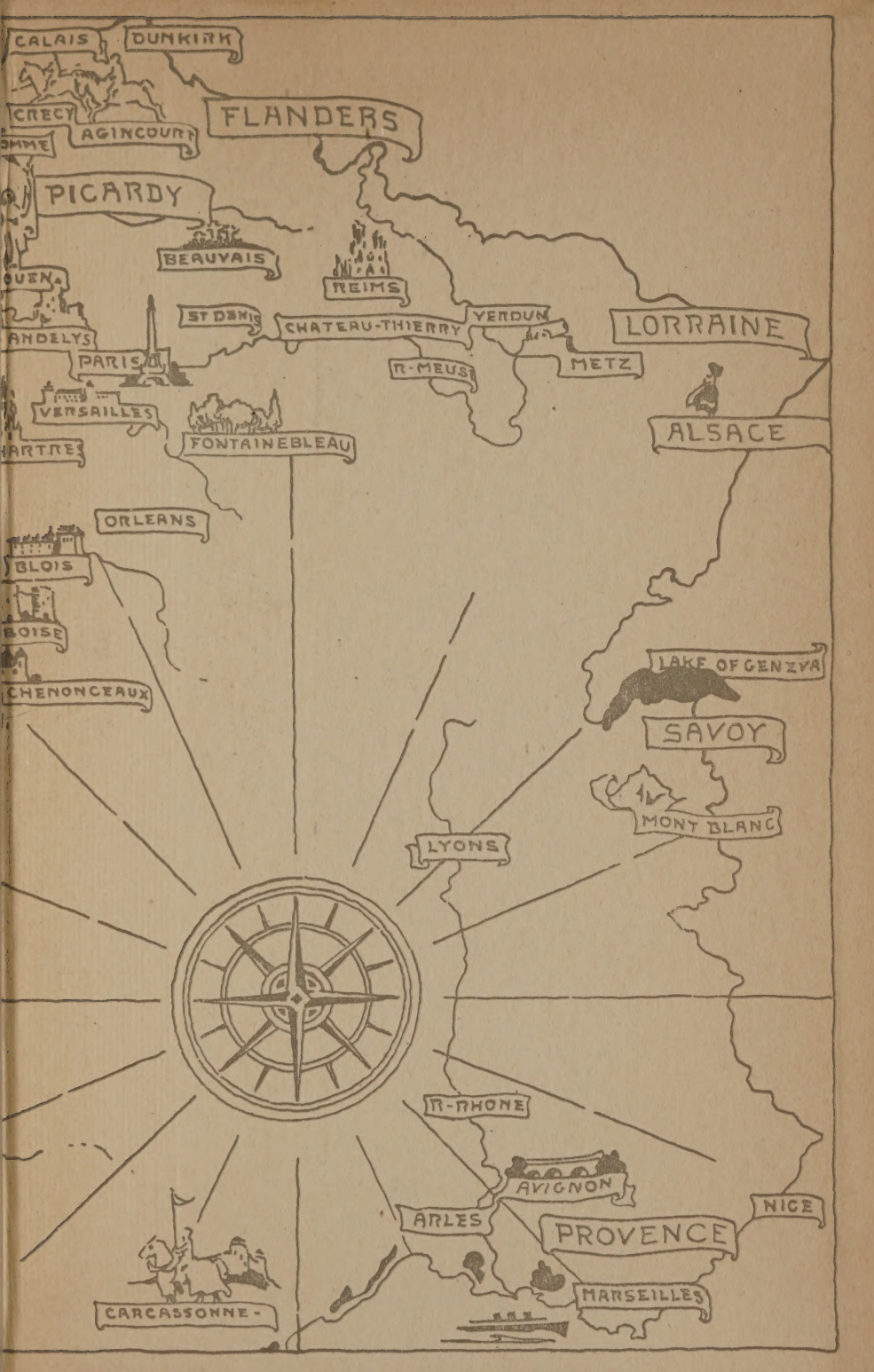
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